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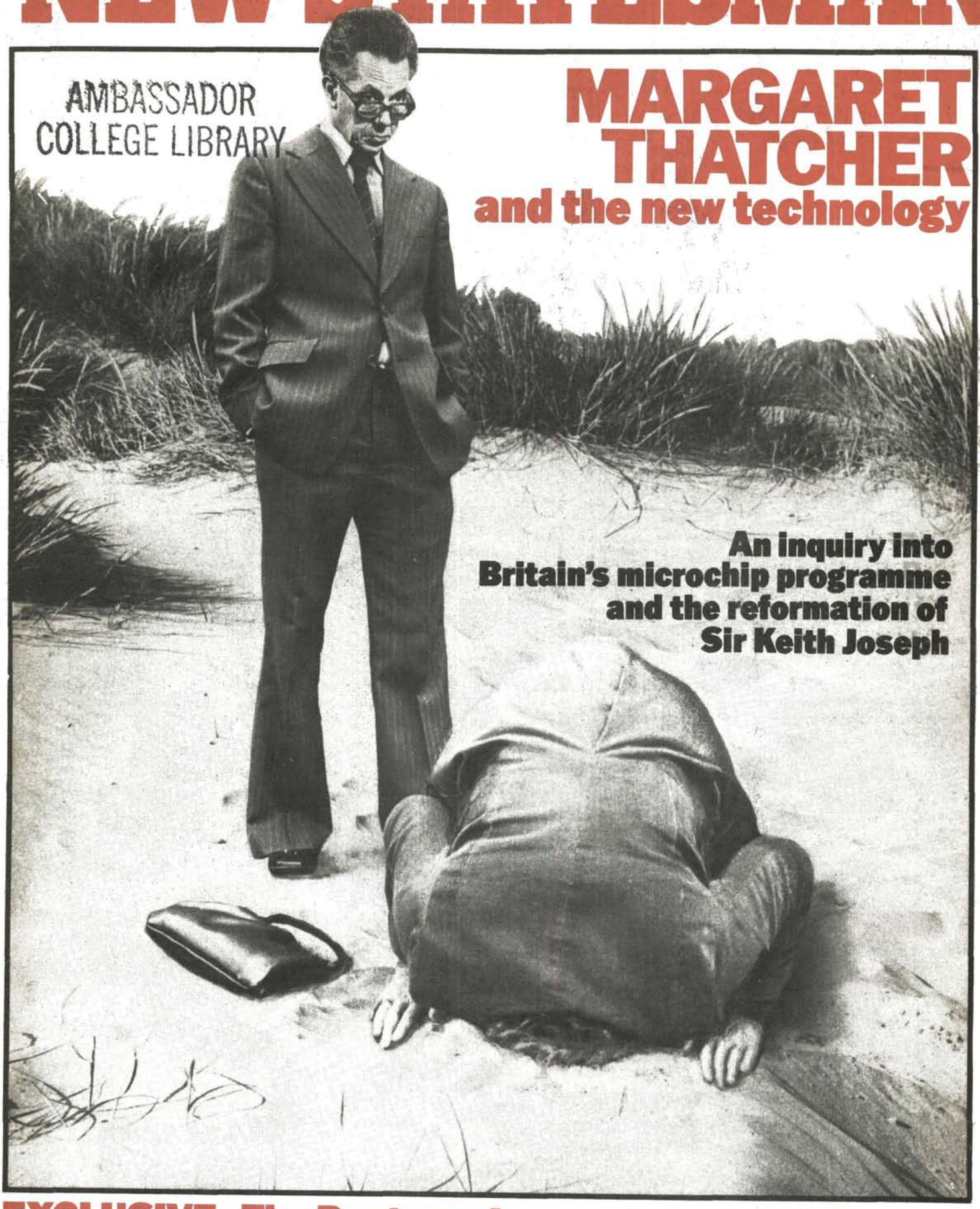

MARGARET THATCHER
and the new technology

An inquiry into Britain's microchip programme and the reformation of Sir Keith Joseph

EXCLUSIVE: The Pentagon's secret deal with Turkey

Can Labour break the Doomsday consensus?

British schools hold out the begging bowl

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NEW STATESMAN
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Contents

918 **Leader**
919 **Notes**
920 **Freedom and the Scottish Daily Express:** Norman Buchan
921 **The Pentagon's secret deal with Turkey:** Claudia Wright
922 **Will Japan deliver a sympathy vote?** Donald Kirk
924 **Schools on the breadline:** Rick Rogers
926 **Tories and the silicon chip:** Christopher Hird and Patrick Wintour
928 **Anti-semitism in British universities:** Christopher Hitchens
929 **Ben Bella's fifteen year wait:** Stuart Holland
930 **London Diary:** Anna Coote
931 **Letters to the editor**
932 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

933 ***Classical revival in architecture:*** Dan Cruikshank
934 **Voznesensky:** John Bayley
935 **New novels:** Jim Crace
936 **Novels by Rathbone & Stow:** Nicholas Shrimpton
937 **Nuclear war:** Ken Coates
938 **Marilyn French's feminism:** Adrianne Blue
939 **Hawthornden prizewinner:** Judy Cooke
940 **Jim Jones dramatised on radio:** Charles Lewsen
941 **Preview of a Vaclav Havel performance:** Katy Hounsell-Robert
941 **The musicians and the BBC:** Philip Schlesinger
942 **British sportsmen lose again:** Julian Barnes
942 **Malcolm Williamson:** Benedict Nightingale
943 **Courage Fuyons:** John Coleman
944 **Weekend Competition**
945 **Chess and Crossword**

Poem by Michael Hofman
Cover montage by Michael Bennett

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Labour and the Doomsday consensus

NIELS BOHR, whose physical intuitions made the atomic bomb possible — but almost contrived to suppress its employment — used to say that if a thing mattered, it must be capable of bearing quite opposite meanings. Thus, the proof that a bomb could not be made with U-238 was also the proof that it could be made with U-235.

Something similar applies to the Labour movement and the defence issue. It could precipitate the ultimate fission. Therefore — alternatively — it could provide a decisive new source of binding energy.

No one, presumably, denies that the issue matters. Lately, there has been plenty to concentrate the mind: again there is the prospect of a US president unable (in Gene McCarthy's words) to 'distinguish between the white horse of victory and the pale horse of death'; again there is evidence that military computers are no more infallible than their human designers. Again we are hearing that the only way to disarmament is through the deployment of fresh batteries of weaponry — and even those who sincerely trust that argument must wince occasionally at the memories it evokes.

THE LAST TIME nuclear questions dominated Labour politics there were two groups of attitudes in conflict with one another. Those who opposed the bomb were critical of the existing American alliance, and also of the prospective European alliance. Some — though not all — of such people either supported the Soviet Union, or felt it to be more sinned against than sinning.

Those who opposed unilateral disarmament, and therefore supported the 'special relationship' with America, also supported Britain's movement into the EEC (though Hugh Gaitskell, to be sure, was a conspicuous exception). Most of them, probably, supported the proposition that the global reach of US power was essentially benevolent, however ugly some of the detailed manifestations might be. (There were surely few people, either left or right, who foresaw the degree of internal dissent that American democracy was capable of generating.).

We have a changed situation today. There are few places on the Left where Soviet pretensions to rationality — let alone socialist humanity — can pass without vehement challenge. And, on the other side, the refusal to accept Washington's tutelage over Western foreign policy has spread far beyond the Gaullists and Marxists with whom it began. (To judge by Mr Callaghan's assault this week on the EEC's Middle Eastern initiative, in which he managed to outflank even Mrs Thatcher from the right, it has not reached him. But there he gives evidence only of his own eccentricity.)

To many British socialists it appeared, until recently, as though the members of NATO, the members of the EEC, and the unquestioning clients of the Pentagon were cemented together as an unyielding monolith. It was an appalling vision, but not an unreasonable one. Edward Thompson, more than any other speaker, has won the credit for bringing to wholly new audiences the news that the nightmare is no longer without relief: that the conflicts and allegiances within Europe, and within NATO, are now more complex than that. Resistance to the deployment of neutron weapons, and to the deployment of Cruise missiles, effectively began with the socialists and radicals — even, to some extent, the military officials — of Western Europe, and it is now a resistance which the political system in Holland, in Belgium, in Germany finds it must take extremely seriously.

There are more and more people, in Britain and elsewhere, who are prepared to endure the wrath of Mr Francis Pym — whose category of 'hypocrites' must now include the Canadians, because of their decision to abandon nuclear weapons while remaining within the NATO system.

WITHIN THIS CONTEXT, there is a question which should be addressed to the centre and right — broadly, the Atlanticists and Europeans — within the Labour Party. Apparently, they argue that the American nuclear connection must be retained, *and* that Britain's membership of the EEC must not be challenged. Do they insist upon both of these points, wholly without compromise? If so, the Labour movement will surely divide, and no manoeuvring within the Commission of Inquiry can prevent that.

Symmetrically, this leads to a question for the left, who demand an end both the the American connection *and* the European one. Does the left estimate, as a matter of practical politics, that it might be able to dismantle both of Britain's principal foreign alliances within any measurable political future?

There may be a left answer which says: win office on a wave of anti-European evangelism, and subsequently extract Britain from the special relationsip. But there can be little doubt that such a programme would swiftly fracture the party. And it would not be just Roy Jenkins and Fleet Street leader-writers who would be aligned on the other side — for in electoral practice, the left would once again be drawn into a pact with chauvinsim. Chauvinism in democratic politics is a good starter, but a bad finisher.

ONE MUST not over-simplify the process of politics, but eventually it is a business of paying the price for what you think matters most. Therefore, straightforward questions assist in beginning a calculation. Does the left value its anti-EEC ambitions more than its campaign against what Edward Thompson called 'the Doomsday consensus'? Which of the Labour right, at bottom, value the connection with Europe more than they value the connection with Washington, if the one is found to be incompatible with the other? (And remember, always, that America is not necessarily Washington, and is never a monolith).

If these questions can be honestly engaged, and answered in convincing detail, than a new process will have begun in British politics. One prospect that would be opened-up would be a shattering electoral defeat for Margaret Thatcher and her allies. But the consequences would permeate far beyond our own borders, and might help to lighten the shadow of destruction which threatens every citizen of the world.

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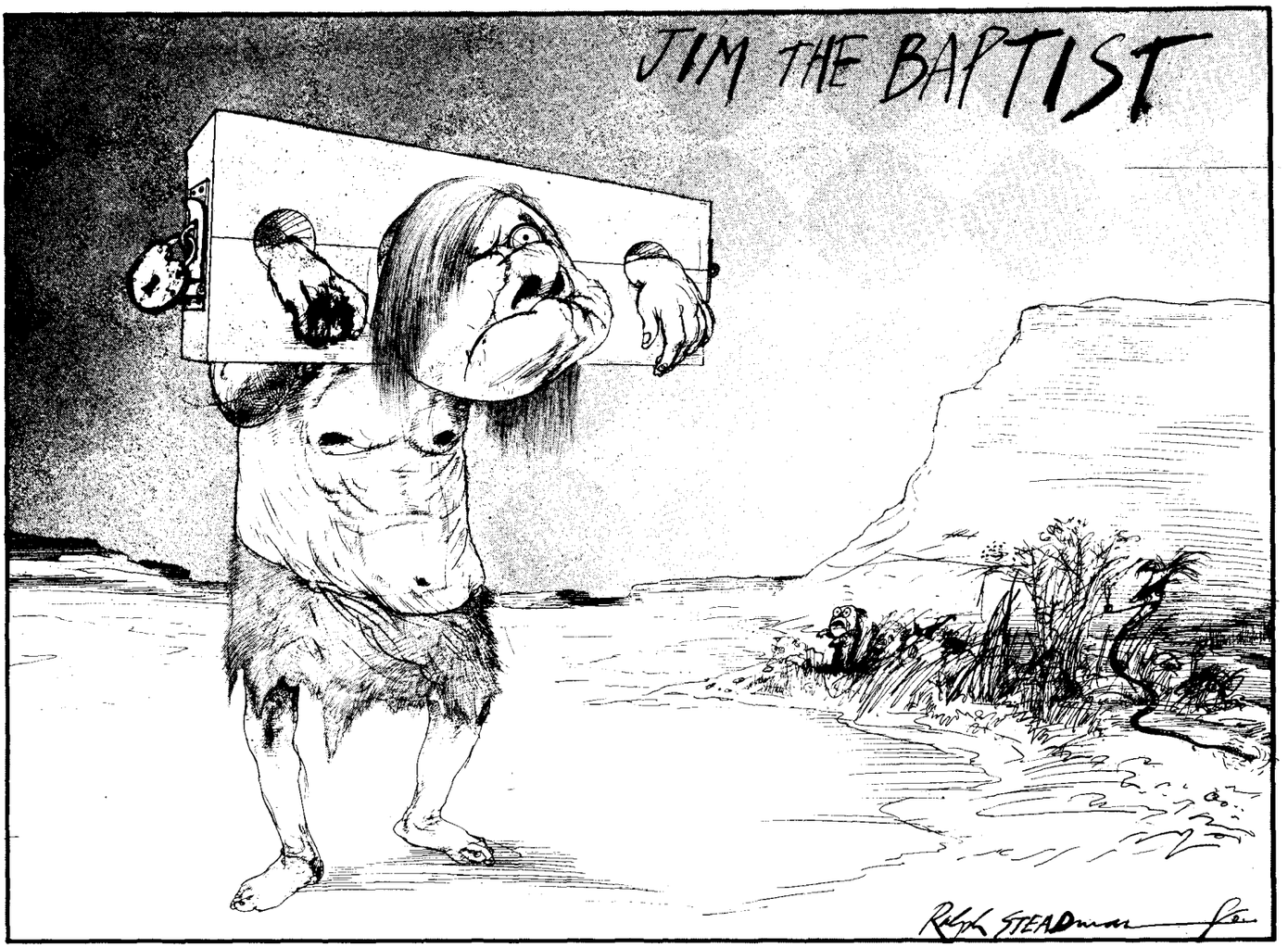

NOTES

After Walter Rodney

Rod Prince writes: Last Friday's car-bomb killing in Georgetown of Dr Walter Rodney has robbed not only the Caribbean but the whole world of a leading historian, intellectual and revolutionary. It has also removed from Guyanese prime minister Forbes Burnham the remaining shreds of his assiduously cultivated image as a Third World leader. In reaction to the murder, Zimbabwe's prime minister Robert Mugabe sent a personal message of condolence, while the People's Revolutionary Government of Grenada declared a day of national mourning, and Jamaican prime minister Michael Manley issued a statement indicating that he regarded Rodney's death as an assassination, in contrast to the Guyanese government's claim that he was blown up by a bomb he was transporting.

The week before his death, Walter Rodney and two other leading members of the opposition Working People's Alliance, Drs Roopnarine and Omawale, had been on trial accused of burning down the headquarters of the ruling People's National Congress, which also housed the Ministry of National Development. The hearings had been adjourned until 20 August after the outlining of the prosecution case, with evidence presented which international observers present dismissed as confused and contradictory. The British observer, Sam Silkin, representing the Parliamentary Human Rights Group, said on his return from Guyana that he was 'convinced that Rodney had played no part in the events which led to the trial'.

Rodney's death is the latest in a series of violent incidents in which the PNC regime and its chosen ally, the House of Israel, have been implicated. They include the shooting by police of two other WPA members, Ohene Koama and Edward Dublin, and last year's murder by a House of Israel thug of Father Bernard Darke, a Jesuit priest who was photographing House of Israel members in action against WPA demonstrators. Another unexplained death was that of education minister Vincent Teekah, a former member of Cheddi Jagan's People's Progressive Party. Continuous harassment against WPA members has taken place since last year's wave of strikes and unrest, and last week the government brought treason charges against six people accused of plotting to overthrow it.

At the back of the tension in Guyana lies Burnham's determination to hold on to power despite rising opposition. The economy is in a disastrous condition, and the repeated rigging and postponement of elections has alienated the Guyanese to the point that, if Burnham were to hold a fair election, he would stand no chance of winning.

However, the killing of an opponent of Rodney's stature may prove to have been a bad miscalculation. Best known for his pioneering work reversing previously dominant theories of underdevelopment, *How Europe Underdeveloped Africa,* Walter Rodney had been closely involved in the growth of the left-wing, black power and Rastafarian movements in the English-speaking Caribbean. His banning from Jamaica by prime minister Hugh Shearer in 1968 caused riots in Kingston and started a ferment which spread throughout the Caribbean, leading to the Trinidad rising of 1970. The New Jewel Movement in Grenada was the first of the 'new left' movements to gain power, and Burnham has lost, through Rodney's death, the advantage he gained in March 1979 by his swift recognition of Grenada's People's Revolutionary Government. The Burnham regime has found its place in history — alongside those of Gairy, Somoza and the Duvaliers.

There will be a WPA memorial rally for Walter Rodney at 6pm this Saturday (21 June) in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

245T: Union team treated 'like a load of yokels'

Judith Cook writes: Jack Boddy, General Secretary of the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers has called for the complete winding up of the Pesticides Advisory Committee following a day long meeting with a sub committee of it last Thursday. He said: 'This Committee, which has the responsibility of pronouncing on the safety of pesticides, has repeatedly told the British public that there is nothing to worry about. Yet when a delegation from my Union met one of their sub committees they showed themselves to have very little idea of the practical problems of spraying.'

Chris Kaufmann, author of the dossier *Not One Minute Longer*, told me during the meeting that at one stage they had nearly walked out, having been treated by the PAC as 'a load of yokels who didn't know what they were talking about.' Certainly it is an arrogant body. I had already arranged to see NUAAW at the meeting place some two weeks previously, but was told by a member of the PAC, over the reception phone, to get out: he had no time for a journal like the NS and they were busy. Whereupon he slammed down the telephone.

All the PAC seemed prepared to say during that afternoon was that they were 'concerned' about the

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vast discrepancy between the figures of 3 tonnes of 245T used throughout the country and the new Parliamentary figures which are at least 20 times larger and could be 100.

The NUAAW persistently questioned where the PAC got the figure of 3 tonnes from and finally they admitted it was from the Ministry of Agriculture. Yet Peter Walker has consistently quoted the PAC as his source for the same figure. A spokesman for the Ministry of Agriculture on Friday said, amazingly, that he had no idea where the new figures — quoted by his own Department and HM Customs and Excise — came from.

The delegation found the PAC remarkably lacking in knowledge both of the Agrochemical industry and of all the latest international research on 245T. The logic of their position, say the NUAAW, 'is to use human beings as guinea pigs. My Union and the TUC have decided working people will not be used in this way.' The PAC admit they are in the dark as to the real effects of 245T on human beings.

The PAC has agreed to join with the NUAAW in seeking more surveys into the medical effects, and the union will be sending the Committee the results of its current survey. Jack Boddy now pleads again with Peter Walker 'to face up to his responsibilities'. He says: 'We have already presented him with a dossier of cases of people who may well have suffered cancers, birth deformities, miscarriages and so on as a result of contact with 245T. We will be passing on more in the next few weeks. Just how many does he want?'

Meanwhile I received a letter from the Minister promising a detailed refutation of what we have been saying about 245T. In the light of the newest evidence we eagerly await his rebuttal.

Dr K's vast overstatement

Bruce Page writes: The US government now officially shares the view that Henry Kissinger's memoir *The White House Years* displays a curious attitude to historical record.

According to Kissinger's foreword his use of classified material — obviously very wide-ranging — was 'worked out with the office of the National Security Adviser, Dr Zbigniew Brzezinski'. This intrigued Robert Bernstein, chairman of the publishers Random House, one of whose authors, the ex-CIA man Frank Snepp, was recently ordered to return to the government all proceeds from his book about the fall of Saigon, *Decent Interval* — because even though Snepp made almost no use of classified material, he didn't submit a text for approval.

Bernstein wrote to Brzezinski's office asking just how Kissinger proceeded. He was told in reply that Kissinger submitted only

> a very small part of the manuscript then prepared, in the form of disconnected brief excerpts

and that Kissinger's staff were informed that NSC clearance of the book would have to wait a review of the total manuscript.

> Dr Kissinger never submitted any further materials for review. It is our judgment, therefore, that the passage you quote from the book's foreword vastly overstates, at least by implication, the degree of classification review . . .

To be sure, Brzezinski is a bitter rival of Kissinger's. Nonetheless, it's a remarkable situation when the National Security Council bluntly accuses its former secretary of *suggestio falsi.* Meanwhile, there is no suggestion that Kissinger may have to return the proceeds of his work — estimated at $5 million — because of failure to have the book properly declassified.

A muddled compromise

Patrick Wintour writes: Probably the main victor of the Labour Party Commission of Inquiry's country house weekend was David Basnett, in his role as trade union 'honest broker'. His union supports what it calls a 'unitary party' bound together by a 60-strong National Council of Labour which would write the manifesto and endorse the Parliamentary Party's choice of leader. Although his idea did not win a majority, it is very similar to the proposal of transport workers' leader Moss Evans which was eventually victorious. The electoral college (50 per cent PLP, 25 per cent trade unions, 20 per cent constituency parties and 5 per cent socialist societies, with probably 100 people in all) will endorse the 'rolling manifesto' prepared by the shadow cabinet and the National Executive Committee.

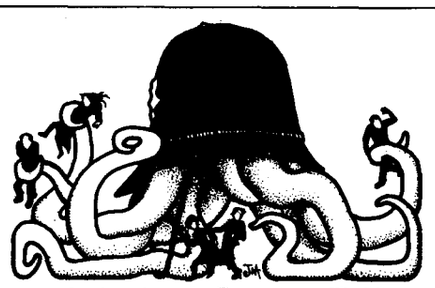
The National Mobilising Committee, a left-wing umbrella group, met on Tuesday night with senior NEC members present and decided to oppose the Commission's constitutional proposals, particularly the link between the group electing the leader and that writing the manifesto. The Mobilising Committee is supporting any left-wing Commission members who wish to publish a minority report. If such a report is published, it will probably be confined to issues discussed last weekend: in other words it will not mention trade union block votes at conference or the idea of electing the cabinet.

The proposal supported by the Mobilising Committee — a thousand-strong electoral college, with half the votes going to the unions — fell at the weekend largely because Moss Evans went against the mandate given to him only the week before by his executive. It would also be interesting to know how Clive Jenkins managed to reinterpret so comprehensively the mandate he had been given by his national union conference. It does seem that the majority of submissions to the inquiry were ignored: though 90 per cent of submissions were in favour of mandatory reselection, Jenkins tried to drop it. Similarly, 86 per cent were in favour of the now-abandoned NEC control of the manifesto.

The trade union leaders' main concern was to keep the party together, so muddled compromise was bound to be the order of the day. Their desire now to end the discussion on party democracy was reflected in the Commission's decision to re-introduce the rule preventing topics from coming before conference more than once every three years. This rule was dropped only last year, and has in the past been used to keep difficult constitutional issues off the agenda.

Though many union conferences have committed their party conference delegations to points of principle, the interpretation of detailed proposals still leaves considerable room for manoeuvre by union leaders. The Mobilising Committee are working hard to win union support, with fringe meetings at the NUM and NUR conferences in July, as well as at the TUC conference.

Though the Left cannot be faulted on determination or organisation, the danger in their refusal to accept the Commission compromise is that they may over-reach themselves and activate a powerful union-led backlash against reform at conference. But for the moment they hold the initiative.



Criminal Justice Bill

The freedom-loving Daily Express has described part of the Tories' new Scottish Criminal Justice Bill as 'an amazing thugs' charter'. NORMAN BUCHAN explains.

THE PROBLEMS of cost and inconvenience are bad guides to judicial changes. Yet these are the reasons for the proposal to introduce an additional intermediate sitting of the court between the pleading 'diet' (sitting) and the trial diet. This will be at the discretion of the court, though no one has told us on what basis the cases will be picked. The aim is to avoid the expense and inconvenience caused when an accused changes his plea to one of 'guilty' at the time of trial. What is now proposed is that the sheriff can call the parties, prosecution and defence, together to enquire into two things: one, what is the state of preparation of each with regard to their cases, and two, whether the accused intends to stick to a plea of not guilty. As Donald Dewar said, this paves the way for certain sheriffs to 'take it into their heads to start rooting around into what constitutes a defence and its validity . . . becoming a kind of inquisitor, an arbitrator of whether the defence is valid.' We sought to limit it therefore to only the query as to whether the accused intended to stick to his plea, full stop. We were defeated. We sought to delete the whole clause and lost again. The provision stands.

More heat was engendered on the proposition that a judge can remove an accused for misconduct during the trial and proceed with the trial in his absence. This, regrettably, derives from the earlier Labour Government version (indeed it is now slightly ameliorated in that it will ensure that he will have legal representation in his absence). Inevitably the present Solicitor-General's words during the debates on the previous Bill were widely quoted: 'This horrific breach of the laws of natural justice . . . a breach foreign to our law and our system and horrific to lawyers and laymen alike . . . the unbreachable and undilutable principle of natural justice that a man should be present during his trial . . . hostile to all concepts of constitutional freedom . . . I could draft no amendment which in my opinion cured its danger.' Horrific or not, it's back in the Bill, and the Solicitor-General was present and voted for it.

At present either defence or prosecution can object to, and have removed, without cause needing to be shown, up to five jurors. The Government had proposed to cut this to one. For once they accepted an amendment reducing it only to three. It is still a backward step. The need 'to show cause' will increase, and bring with it all the potential dangers of jury vetting.

After weeks of silence while civil rights were being massively eroded, the Tory backbenchers suddenly burst into voice over Clause 22. Freedom was at stake and they would not stay silent. Poor Larry Lamb, shortly to be knighted, poor Victor Matthews, shortly to be a peer, were having their freedom to print the names of child offenders or child victims sadly restricted. Speaking as a parent, said John Mackay, Tory MP for that hotbed of crime, Argyllshire, 'I ask whether parents are to be denied information about wrongdoers.' He was also speaking as someone who, like the rest of us, had been inundated by the editors of Scotland with pleas in the name of freedom (and, no doubt, profit) to reject this clause which, subject to the court's right to overrule, would restrict 'reporting of proceedings involving persons under 16.'

The *Scottish Daily Express* even printed a full centre page article on it: 'An amazing Thugs' Charter which will cloak the identity of young criminals is planned by the Government . . . Behind-scenes moves are aimed in an astonishing new law to introduce secret justice to Scotland . . . a bovver bonanza for young killers . . . That sacred prop of democracy, the Scottish public's right to know, will be swept aside.' The *Express* felt particularly aggrieved because: 'The *Scottish Daily Express* has strongly supported this Bill on other controversial aspects, for example, greater powers for the police.'

The rest of that issue made interesting reading. In eleven pages of news there were eight full descriptions of murder, one suicide and one story headed: 'Fatal love of ski teacher.' Indeed the obsession with death was such that even the escape and subsequent death of a brown bear ('called Orinoco') at Edinburgh Zoo got the marvellous top-of-the page heading: 'Bear's Great Escape Ends in Death.'

Of such things are peerages made. And for such things is the Tories' love for freedom stimulated. The Minister promised his back-benchers that he will consider amendments to the clause at Report Stage. Meanwhile the Bill continues on its way, crunching all our other freedoms, backed by the *Scottish Daily Express.*

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America's sticky Turkish delight

The New Statesman has obtained a copy of the full text of the 'Agreement for Cooperation on Defence and Economy' which was signed by US Ambassador James Spain and Turkish foreign minister Hayrettin Erkmen in Ankara on 29 March. The pact, which includes a brief main agreement, three supplementary agreements and fourteen annexes, covers 100 pages in the English version. Only the six-page main agreement has been submitted to the Turkish National Assembly for ratification; the Turkish foreign ministry has refused to disclose the other parts. In Washington the pact is being treated as an 'executive agreement', which allows it to skirt the requirement that its terms must be formally submitted to and approved by Congress. Neither American nor Turkish parliamentarians, nor the press in either country, are aware of the secret details of the agreement. It's no surprise that the Pentagon wishes it to remain that way: for the most explosive section of the pact is one which will enable the US to launch military adventures outside NATO's agreed geographical limits. CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports.

NEGOTIATION of a US-Turkish defence pact has been protracted by disputes on both sides since the Carter administration decided in 1977 to scrap an earlier draft which had been worked out during the Ford administration. In 1976 the American negotiators tried to preserve language from the expired 1969 treaty permitting American forces to expand their scope of operations from Turkish bases beyond the geographical limits of NATO. These limits confine NATO allies to Europe, North America and the Atlantic Ocean north of the Tropic of Cancer. They do not extend to the Persian Gulf or the Middle East, which the Americans want to reach from Turkey.

So long as congressional opposition to the Turkish invasion of Cyprus remained potent, Washington hadn't been able to meet Turkish demands for military aid. In retaliation, until the Americans agreed to lift the embargo and then commit themselves to multi-year arms assistance that Congress could not choke off, the Turks wouldn't allow the Americans to use their territory for action in the Middle East.

In 1978 Washington lifted the arms embargo but Turkey continued to resist finalising the defence pact while its government raised its military aid requests. Permission was refused for use of Incirlik airbase for a US marine operation in Tehran during the Shah's last months, then granted for evacuation of American dependents when the regime collapsed. The Turks also would not allow overflight of U2s from Cyprus, used to monitor Soviet missile tests and verify compliance with the SALT II agreement, unless the Soviet government registered no objection.

The agreement signed on 29 March managed to solve most of these disputes. As an executive agreement, it evaded congressional scrutiny and possible veto. But it could not offer specific sums of military assistance over the multi-year period Ankara demanded. Instead, a joint government commission has been set up to develop 'a rolling five-year procurement programme', projecting American military largesse five years in advance, but still subjecting each year's booty to congressional vote. On the vital American demand for broadening the territorial scope of its missions, the language of the agreement is as devious as the resistance of the Turks on this point was long. In the end the NATO limits have been dropped.

Thus while Article V (section 4) of the main agreement limits 'the extent of defence cooperation envisaged in this agreement' to 'obligations arising out of the North Atlantic Treaty', the secret Supplementary Agreement No. 3 provides that 'the purpose, mission. . . of the United States forces and civilian component shall be detailed by mutual agreement.' In other words, by another, *even more secret* agreement. This is a similar catch to the one originally used in the 1969 pact. Supplementary Agreement No. 3 also provides that 'modernisation, addition or importation of the equipment. . . at the installations which would increase mission capabilities shall be subject to advance approval by the government of the Republic of Turkey.'

Elsewhere in the technical annexes which deal with specific bases and installations, there are comparable loopholes designed to permit the Americans to mount operations outside the NATO limits if they can get under-the-table approval from Turkish military commanders, or if — as is the case at Incirlik airbase — they can slip aircraft past Turkish air controllers without their knowing much about them.

SPECULATION that the agreement provides a springboard for US intervention against Iran was raised in the Turkish press after American reports of the abortive Tabas raid in April indicated that the C-130 transports carrying commandos and casualties home had landed at Incirlik. Both left and right-wing groups in Turkey were sharply critical of the Demirel government on this point, and Demirel's embarrassment grew deeper after remarks by Zbigniew Brzezinski to a Turkish journalist on 3 May strongly implied that, should the 'interests of the West' require it, NATO countries might well need to intervene in the gulf or in 'South-West Asia' as a whole.

Demirel later criticised the American intervention in Iran and — according to a statement by the Iranian foreign minister, Sadeq Qotzbadeh, at Istanbul Airport on 11 May — provided assurances that Turkish bases would not be used against Iran. The assurance was conveyed in the *future* tense.

In the annex titled 'Implementing Agreement on Incirlik Installation', America and Turkey agreed to permit deployment of two tactical squadrons from the US Air Force 401st Tactical Flight Wing 'in support of NATO defense plans'. However, in the appendix which lays down procedures for air traffic control at the Incirlik tower, only US personnel 'are responsible for and authorised to control United States military aircraft.' If the transports carrying US commandos out of Iran did land at Incirlik on 25 April — or if other aircraft intended to support the Tehran intervention were standing by earlier in the week at that point — Washington either intended to breach its own agreement, while keeping the Turks in the dark about what was going on, or had obtained advance approval from the Turkish military, while the civilian authorities looked the other way.

Other revelations in the pact suggest that a labyrinth of more damaging secrets remains hidden still. For example, according to Supplementary Agreement No. 3, the signatories have agreed on only twelve 'Joint Defence In-

SUPPLEMENTARY AGREEMENT NUMBER 3

BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND OF THE REPUBLIC OF TURKEY

ON INSTALLATIONS

ARTICLE II

2. All intelligence information, including raw data, produced at intelligence collection installations in the Republic of Turkey shall be shared by the two Governments in accordance with arrangements determined jointly by the competent technical authorities of the two Governments.

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Michael Bennett

stallations': Sinop, Pirinclik, Incirlik, Belbasi, Kargaburun, and seven 'nodal communications sites' — Yamanlar, Sahintepe, Elmadag, Karatas, Mahmurdag, Alemdag, and Kurecik. But the list is incomplete. According to a book by Jesse Lewis, an American closely connected to US intelligence operations in the Mediterranean (Lewis is in the US Embassy in Nicosia now and will shortly be moving to Athens), there are more than 20 US installations in Turkey, including bases at Diyarbakir, Kargapazar, Iskenderun, Karamursel and Cigli. A Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff report, released in March this year, identified an additional naval base at Yumurtalik, near Iskenderun on the Mediterranean, and counted a dozen 'prepositioned ammunition storage sites', 14 Turkish-operated NATO early warning radar sites, and 20 sites in the US Defence Communications System. Fewer than *half* of the joint-power bases are actually covered by the agreement that has been signed, and there is no telling exactly how many others are, or what their missions might be.

On the missions of the bases that have been identified, the documents are hardly forthcoming, and this is likely to worsen Turkey's relations with Greece. A glance at the map shows that American bases in Greece are in positions (around Athens, in Crete) which are either purely defensive from the Greek tactical perspective, or oriented to the Southern and Eastern Mediterranean operations of the US Sixth Fleet. By contrast, the installations on Turkish territory occupy positions from which they can be used to monitor military movements and communications by Greece, Syria and Iraq, to guard the approaches to the Northern, Turkish sector of Cyprus, and to provide air and naval interdiction of attempts the Soviet fleet might make to come to the aid of Syria, or the Greek airforce to the aid of Cyprus.

THE PACT specifies that the missions of all facilities will be carried out jointly and that 'all intelligence information, including raw data, produced. . . shall be shared by the two governments. . . ' (Supplementary Agreement No. 3, Article II, Section 2). This may mean that despite public commitments to maintain the existing military balance between Greece and Turkey, the Americans have in fact tipped in Turkey's favour by providing sophisticated warning systems, and code and intelligence assistance in following Greek manoeuvres.

In testimony before the House of Representatives on 7 May, Matthew Nimetz, Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, listed a number of the weapons systems which the US is pledging to build jointly with Turkey under the agreement but, anxious not to be seen to tilt in the Turkish direction, he declined to include on his list an item of great concern to Greece. This is the plan to refit the Golcuk shipyard, creating an industrial capability there for Turkey to build a fleet of modern frigates. There can be little pretence that these are solely intended to boost Turkey's NATO role in the Black Sea and Sea of Marmara, instead of against the Greek navy in the Aegean.

Exactly how much of the text of the pact has been shown by the Americans to the Greeks is far from clear. Sources in Washington suggest that while Karamanlis was still Prime Minister the Greek Defence Minister, Evangelos Averof, had been shown details and given assurances that Greece would receive substantial new military assistance to match the Turkish deal. The *quid pro quo* is said to have been Averof's 'personal guarantee' that he would work toward reintegrating Greece in the NATO military command and assure the continued presence of the American bases in Greece. It is possible, though unconfirmed, that Averof may have concealed his knowledge of the Turkish agreement from members of the Greek cabinet. It is rumoured that his manoeuvring behind Karamanlis's back cost him much support in the party ballot for the prime ministership after Karamanlis was elected to the presidency.

Greece and Iran are not the only ones likely to be deeply troubled by the public release of the document. The Soviet Union, which probably got hold of a copy very soon after the signing, has been stepping up its press criticism of Turkey in the past month, and Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary — with each of whom Turkey has been negotiating closer political and economic relations — can be expected to follow suit.

A number of Arab states on whom Turkey depends for oil and trade — notably Libya, which supplies 21 per cent of Turkey's oil, and Iraq, which provides more than 25 per cent — have conditioned their cooperation on Turkey's detaching itself from US military plans. How disclosure of the agreement may affect the newly announced exchange of Iranian oil for Turkish food, worth $500 million, is hard to assess.

Finally, in Ankara itself, Mr Demirel faces a particularly threatening ultimatum from the National Salvation Party (NSP), an Islamic rightist group on whose votes Demirel's coalition depends for survival in the National Assembly. On 7 June Necmettin Erkaban, the NSP parliamentary leader, sent the Prime Minister a list of policy demands, on which the NSP is conditioning its future support of the government. One of the demands was the promotion of relations with Muslim countries and 'definite measures. . . to prevent the use of foreign bases in Turkey against Islamic countries'. Now that the details of the American agreement are in the open, the Turkish government may well lose the NSP votes for ratification in the National Assembly. Rather than face a no-confidence test on the issue, Demirel may abandon ratification altogether.

Even that may not put a stop to the agreement. In the shadows cast by the legal language of the pact, it is said 'to come into effect on the date of exchange of notes in accordance with respective legal procedures'. While in both Washington and Ankara a campaign of ratification by secrecy and misinformation may be legal, it remains to be seen how such legalities survive the public glare.

Donald Kirk

Will Japan's voters be sympathetic?

THE PROSPECT that the highly conservative Liberal-Democratic Party could emerge from next Sunday's elections as strong as ever casts a depressing shadow over the Japanese political scene. Pollsters and analysts alike perceive a yearning for continuity after the uncertainty surrounding first the no-confidence vote in the Lower House of the Diet last month and then the death last week of the nation's dull but bulldog-tough old Prime Minister, Masayoshi Ohira. Indeed, LDP strategists now believe they may not have to go through the nuisance of an illusory form of coalition, a denouement they had feared after thirty years of strictly conservative government. They firmly believe an outpouring of 'sympathy' over Ohira's death will insure a slim working majority in the Lower House, which elects the Prime Minister. And they are still more confident of retaining control of the Upper House, half of whose seats are at stake in the first double elections in Japan's 91-year parliamentary history.

Against this view, though, the possibility exists that LDP leaders may be guilty of the same hubris they displayed before the *débacle* last October when the party actually lost strength in Lower House elections called by Ohira in full expectation of solidifying his power. Almost any Japanese one is likely to encounter in Tokyo would agree the LDP has wallowed too deep into corruption and ineffectiveness for 'sympathy'. 'We are a major power economically,' a young teacher remarked, 'but politically we are third rate.'

Ohira's greatest contribution to the perpetuation of conservative rule may have been the sudden party unity engendered by his death. But if the squabble among the party's oldest leaders has ended, the process of buying support appears to have increased. The word now is that Kakuei Tanaka, forced out as Prime Minister in a real estate scandal in 1974 and indicted two years later for having accepted Lockheed bribes, is negotiating with two would-be Prime Ministers for the support of members of his own and Ohira's block, closely allied during Ohira's tenure at the top. Tanaka at this stage appears inclined toward Yasuhiro Nakasone, who controls a large block of his own in the Lower House, but may settle on Toshio Komoto, former minister of international trade and industry and a member of Miki's faction. Nakasone, a one-time minister in charge of defence with a hawkish reputation, was implicated though not indicted in Lockheed and ranks with Tanaka as a leading player in the game of money politics. Thus the party might settle on Komoto just for the sake of rebuilding its image.

A more sensible solution, it might appear, would be the defeat of the LDP and the formation of a coalition led by the distant-second-ranking Japan Socialist Party. Until Ohira's death, in fact, the JSP had hoped to weld a coalition with the Buddhist-backed Komeito and the Democratic Socialist Party, both basically conservative. The plan hinged, though, on the permanent breakup of the LDP and the ability of the minority parties to paper over their own differences. So far neither alternative has come to pass, and the crumbling of the LDP sounds like wishful thinking in an essentially conservative society governed by consensus — and traditionally reluctant to change policy or course until confronted by total disaster.

Tokyo

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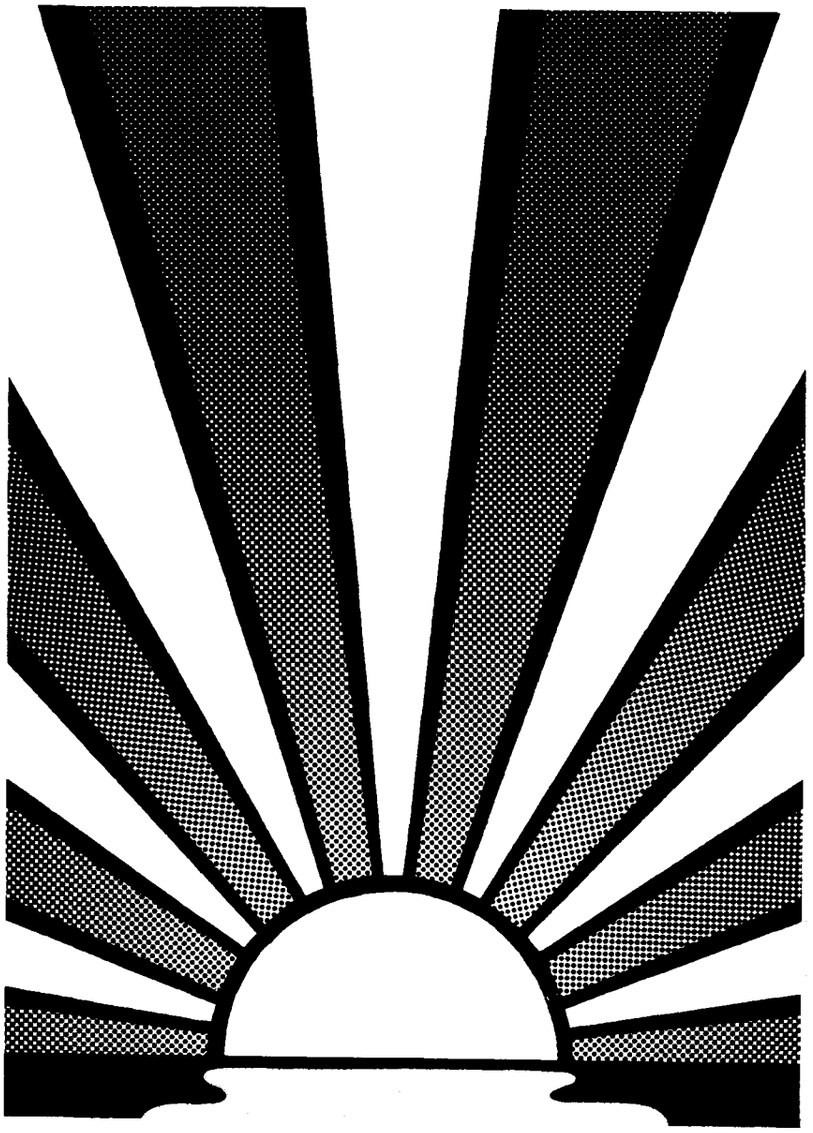

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

The system of free state schooling is being ended

Schools put out the begging bowl

THE CHARITY COMMISSION has reversed a long-established policy that parent-teacher associations (PTAs) should not use their funds to pay for school items that by law should be provided by the local education authority (LEA). The change comes in the wake of Government moves to encourage parents to fund essential equipment such as textbooks, stationery, laboratory equipment and drawing materials and thereby end the hundred-year-old system of free state education.

Last October, the PTA of Ramsden junior school in Orpington decided to apply for charitable status. The school's head, Michael Kirby, realised that without it the interest on the money collected by the PTA over the previous seven years was liable for corporation tax. At 42 per cent, that would mean a large slice of cash lost. Kirby also wanted to ensure that the PTA could not be put under pressure to buy books and equipment which the LEA was obliged to provide. On the advice of the Charity Commission, an additional clause was inserted in the PTA's constitution which limited its activities to funding items 'not normally provided by the local education authority'.

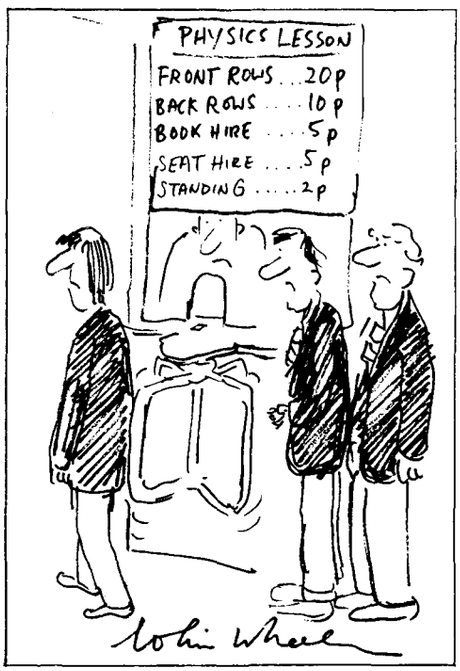
But Education Secretary Mark Carlisle's speech to the National Association of Head Teachers at the end of May made it clear that the Government fully intends parents, either individually or through school-based associations like PTAs, to make direct contributions for essential school items. The Commission's existing policy would have prevented several thousand PTAs with charitable status from doing this.

The Commission now claims that the additional clause does *not* stop the PTA from funding essentials. A Commission spokesman said that 'if something is not being provided by the LEA then it is open to the PTA to provide it'. The clause was 'just to highlight that where LEA funds were available then PTAs should not provide the money *unless forced to do so*'. In effect, the clause has been rendered meaningless by the Commission itself.

This move must call into question the political impartiality of the Commission — a public body run by civil servants. The Commission rightly keeps a keen eye on any energetic charitable organisation sailing close to the edge of its charitable brief and moving into the area of 'political action'. However, attempts by the previous Labour Government to withdraw charitable status from the public schools were, in part, prevented by the Commission's civil servants claiming the problems involved were too complex. And the Commission's PTA policy change can be interpreted as political — conniving with Tory politicians to *bypass* the law on education and promote the idea that LEAs can avoid their statutory duties.

Section 8 of the 1944 Education Act puts a duty on LEAs to provide 'sufficient equipment to afford for all pupils opportunity for education . . . as may be desirable in view of their different ages, abilities and aptitudes'. Section 61 forbids any fees to be charged in respect of the education provided in school. Many parents are finding, however, that 'donations' are obligatory if they want their children to have textbooks. The chairman of the Tory-controlled Association of County Councils has called for a £10 across-the-board levy to be charged to *all* parents. One estimate puts the level at which parents are already 'voluntarily' funding essentials in school at over £84 million a year — almost £10 a pupil.

Parental help for schools in the form of raising money or using labour skills is a valuable tradition. It is the first stage to gaining greater parental involvement in a school — helping to make decisions as well as money. But the cash acquired has previously gone on extras and not on essentials (swimming pools, minibuses, school trips rather than textbooks) — in short, improving the quality of school life rather than trying to bring a school up to some minimum standard of provision.



To be fair, the shortage of books has been a chronic problem over several years. Numerous surveys by the National Book League, the Publishers' Association and the Government-backed Bullock Committee on literacy skills have all failed to impress successive Governments. But the cuts since May 1979 have made that situation more serious and more widespread. And, despite repeated Government denials, major damage is now being done to the curriculum. The 'frills' went some time ago; the core subjects — sciences, languages — are being affected.

How are schools' basic needs funded officially? LEAs normally give schools a capitation allowance (based on the number of pupils in a school) which goes on essential equipment. These allowances vary according to the LEA. But all have been cut, first by central Government policy and second by inflation. Many schools have over 20 per cent less purchasing power this year than last. A cut for one year can be coped with; a succession of cuts (experienced by most areas and begun in 1975 under Labour) can mean disaster.

The estimated spending for 1979/80 (before the Tory cuts) on secondary 'textbooks, library books, educational and PE equipment, stationery and materials' was £109,140,000 or £26.50 per pupil. Individual LEAs varied from under £20 to over £42. The national average spent on books by LEAs was £6.98 (1978/9) per secondary pupil. But such spending plans have steadily declined since *1975*. Some areas are worse than others — the latest Educational Publishers' Council survey reveals that no LEA in North-West England actually reaches the national average spent on books. Such figures, though, don't always show how or whether pupils do benefit in the classroom.

LEAs operate in different ways. Some essential items are paid for from central LEA funds rather than from the capitation allowance. LEAs also alter the items a school must fund itself — many schools are being told to pay their telephone bills from the pupils' allowance. So what's left after inflation and cuts can't, even then, all go on books and other essentials. One Midlands head estimates that, in real terms, his allowance is half what it was five years ago. In contrast, many books have doubled in price in the last 18 months. The head of a Northern grammar school reports that in his school 'the use of books is declining'. Pupils taking GCE subjects are being asked to contribute towards the cost of textbooks.

It's not only books. Many science, craft and art lessons are being disrupted and even cancelled because of lack of equipment. The dilemma for parents is: 'Do we watch our children go to the wall educationally or fork out?' It's a form of blackmail few parents can stand against. If they do fork out — in cash or effort — where do they draw the line? Not all can make up the shortfall. For example, the level of PTA funds varies greatly from a few hundred to thousands. A large comprehensive may raise £25,000 for a special project. But a 400-pupil primary school would be delighted with £1,000 from fete and jumble sales.

Parents' and teachers' attitudes also vary. Some adopt a firm policy of not paying for essentials, seeing it as the thin end of what is, after all, an illegal wedge. Others dislike fundraising for books, but as one head said: 'When the staff are crying out for *necessities*, I can hardly deny them.'

A third option is to challenge the legality of an LEA withdrawing from funding essentials. A few LEAs are already making plans to 'discourage' parents from taking them to court.

Parents need to resolve their dilemma fast, as problems will worsen. LEA savings from reducing the school meals service are much less than expected. The Government wrote a £225 million saving into the rate support grant settlement. But with less income and no proportional reduction in the cost of providing meals — one Warwickshire school reports a drop in pupils taking lunch from 600 to 200 — the LEA shortfall is around £135 million. So more cuts are on the way — either the total abolition of the meals service or even less essential equipment, or both.

All this means deep shifts in British education policy. A fee-paying state sector apart, schools will — at Government behest — be forced to encourage inequalities of opportunity between children instead of trying to reduce them. Further, the Government intends to rely on charitable donations to maintain minimum standards in schools. We are heading for a begging-bowl education service.

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Missing the micro revolution

Sir Keith Joseph is almost alone in the cabinet in his support for the NEB backed venture capital microelectronic company Inmos. CHRISTOPHER HIRD and PATRICK WINTOUR report.

THERE IS NOW a real danger that the NEB-backed microprocessor company, Inmos, will not receive the second £25 million investment originally planned by government; or, if it does, the money will be given on such terms that the eventual outcome will be similar: instead of owning a UK microprocessor design and production company the NEB will end up with a stake in a US concern. The implications of such an outcome for the British economy are very serious indeed especially when the government is cutting other parts of its microelectronics support programme.

The possibility that this can happen seems illogical in the extreme, as Inmos has so far achieved everything which it promised its investors when it was started in 1978, even though it is in one of the riskiest industries imaginable. The opposition to this second investment being made in Inmos is entirely political. But what makes this opposition so ironic is first that it is inspired not by distaste for a conspicuously socialist organisation, but by a fundamental misunderstanding about the nature of risk in capitalist society and second that it is turned against a company which, in many respects, shows signs of the managerial authority, initiative and personal financial incentives which current Tory ideology espouses so fervently.

The decision to set up Inmos was inspired by the belief that despite the presence of other companies such as Plessey, Ferranti and GEC in the specialised parts of the microelectronics industry, Britain should also have a national presence in mass-produced cheap integrated circuits — the silicon chips — which are used by all the world's computer companies in enormous quantities. The case for Britain having a foot in this industry was based on the view that without the expertise involved in producing the 'vanguard technology' a country will not be able to push on to make best use of the specialist technologies. Second, it was believed that the customers of the more advanced microcomputers — a computer, complete with processor, on a chip — would benefit from being in close geographical proximity to the company designing and making the microcomputers. In other words, for Britain to get the full benefit from the new microtechnology and apply it throughout industry it was important to have one of the world's leading companies here.

It was an ambitious idea, not without opponents and risks. The market was dominated by the Americans who produced 70 per cent of the world's chips and 80 per cent of the world's processors. Total UK manufacture of integrated circuits on the other hand amounted to only 6 per cent of just one American firm — the giant Texas Instruments — in 1978. Japanese electronic companies, such as Hitachi have, with government aid, been restructured and heavily subsidised. Their government is spending a total of £500 million on microelectronics, according to a report by Mackintosh International, the leading electronic consultancy group. In addition, when Inmos started, the Americans had a record of successfully establishing a string of new companies with new products.

The NEB believed, then, it was possible to create this environment in Britain, repeating the hot-house atmosphere of places such as Silicon Valley where designs and designers are constantly exchanged. The new company would compete in a market which offered total success or total failure and was expected to succeed through a series of production innovations. The risk was made worthwhile by taking as partners three of the world's leading people in the field on terms which, if the venture was successful would make them, and others', millionaires. All three have proven records. Paul Schroeder's designs at the US company Mostek are now standard in the industry. Richard Petritz is a proven entrepreneur in the field. Iann Barron, founder of Computer Technology Ltd, freelance consultant, and computer designer has provided the British end. They have collected a team that is envied openly by rivals such as Fairchild.

INMOS's achievements so far have not been disappointing. Because so much of the technology existed in the US the agreement was that the new memory chip would be developed in Colorado Springs and then go into pilot production over there. If it was successful, volume production would be based in Britain, where a design team was to work on the microprocessor development — in the long term the most important part of the strategy.

So far, Inmos has done everything that it promised. The American team has designed and produced (with three key innovatory processes) a 16K static RAM chip. When this was tested on 27 April, the results were remarkable. The key to successful, profitable production of chips — assuming that the design is right — is to ensure that a certain proportion of the 400 or so chips on the wafer are perfect. Generally you are lucky if any at all work on the prototype. The success rate on the first wafer that Inmos produced was much better, meaning that they have been spared the three or four months of 'de-bugging' which they had planned for. When news of this unrivalled success reached Bristol that afternoon vast amounts of champagne were consumed before the whole staff moved off to a celebratory dinner.

In addition, Inmos has also broken the back of the major problem of its next chip, the 64K dynamic RAM, a general purpose memory component for the computer industry. Prospects for this are much improved since Texas Instruments have had to withdraw their product from the market. The 16K static will be on sale this autumn within weeks of the competing product from the US company Intel. In total Inmos is now forecasting sales of £150 million in 1984, much of which will come from a new, still secret, chip.

If the prospects are so good — or at least much clearer than they were two years ago — and the company has kept its promises so far,

why is there such monumental indecision by the government? The problem stems from what are now obvious weaknesses in the way in which the NEB set up Inmos.

First, in deciding that the state's £50 million investment in the company should be in two tranches of £25 million, the NEB ensured that the Cabinet had two opportunities to look at the idea. In fact there was never any question of the investment being other than a £50 million scheme, as is clear from the fact that Inmos have spent only £8.9 million but are asking for the second £25 million. They need the guarantee of that money before they can sign contracts to build the UK plant.

A second mistake the NEB made was to fudge the issue of where the UK plant was to be sited. At the moment some of the Cabinet are arguing strongly that the factory should go to an assisted areas, particularly Cardiff.

Inmos's original agreement with the NEB only asked the company to 'examine' the case for siting its factory in an area of high unemployment. In December 1978, aware of the pressure for them to chose a site somewhere other than Bristol — the chosen city for the head office and design department — Inmos wrote to the NEB saying that they thought it very unlikely that they would be able to site the factory in a development area.

However, in April 1979 the NEB — in its annual report — was still saying 'the firm intention is that the UK production facilities will be located in Assisted Areas.' Jim Callaghan, Eric Varley and Alan Williams, MP for Swansea and a junior industry minister, have written to *The Times* saying that they understood the factory would go to a development area. It seems that the NEB were confi-

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dent that when it came to the crunch they could persaude Inmos to go to a development area. Unfortunately, when the crunch came the old NEB board had gone.

The case against going to a development area is quite straightforward. The industry is dependent on highly skilled (and scarce) labour. Britain pays roughly a fifth less than its American competitors where the median payment for a top semiconductor executive is over £110,000 a year. Inmos have found that the kind of skilled people they need to attract from other companies and which they then need to retain would prefer Bristol to Cardiff or Newcastle. Businessmen may be wrong about the quality of life in a development area, but as things are organised at the moment they are free to indulge their prejudices. Inmos insist on Bristol even though rejecting Cardiff will cost them £7-8m in grants.

Inmos are also convinced that design capability should be very close to the manufacturing plant. In the development of the microprocessor the company will be developing a wide range of products to meet the needs of its customers. For example a car company is likely to need as many different sorts of microcomputers as it has models of cars. To make sure these designs work the designers need to be in ready and frequent contact with the production department.

If the NEB and the government were keen that Inmos should bring 2,000 to 4,000 jobs to a development area they should have insisted on the original design office being sited in one. As Inmos has been a sufficiently exciting idea to attract people without the company needing to advertise, it probably would have been able to attract the staff; especially as the key people will be offered shares in the company, which — if it is successful — could make them very rich indeed. Once established in one city it is difficult to persuade people to move. Furthermore there are now some good arguments for staying in Bristol: there is the prospect of a plentiful supply of well trained labour from the British Aerospace factories as these are run down, and the presence of other microelectronic companies in the city means that it could become a British 'silicon valley'.

THE SUSPICION remains that the Conservative cabinet's refusal to endorse the next £25 million investment in Inmos is inspired as much by ideological conviction as concern for regional policy - which has, after all, taken more than its fair share of government cuts. Yet the arrival of the Tory government did not immediately cause complete dismay at Inmos. The Department of Industry — having been hostile to the idea to start with — supported the scheme. Sir Keith Joseph had, when industry spokesman, visited the company on several occasions, and in government said it 'seemed sensible to use the NEB as one means of familiarising the market with new technology.' So in June last year Inmos presented the NEB with their corporate plan, asking for the next £25 million — somewhat in advance of their actual requirement, but aware that there might be some delay. In September the NEB agreed the plan and in December the new board of the NEB also gave it their approval; early in January the Department of Industry received the NEB recommendation and by the middle of January Dick Petritz was saying publicly that he 'anxiously awaited' a decision. Everyone is still waiting.

The problem was, of course, that putting £25 million into Inmos did not fit in well with current Tory philosphy. So the DoI turned first to GEC, who had already set up a joint microelectronic venture with the American Fairchild company, as potential purchaser. The plan came to nothing largely because GEC seemed to be pursuing it with limited enthusiasm and questions it asked Inmos on future marketing and sales seemed 'impertinent' when coming from a competitor.

When, in May, the GEC idea was clearly dead, further delay was justified on the grounds of Sir Keith Joseph's impending visit to Silicon Valley in California. (He has recently returned enthusiastic after an official visited the Inmos plant.) Now there is a delay pending an NEB 'review'. It is clear that this amounts to little more than the regular corporate plan review with an extra trip by an NEB executive to Bristol. It does not, thankfully, amount to a 'reconsideration.'

THE CONSTANT delays have provoked Inmos to fight back, although — in view of what they might have been expected to learn from the battle to get the idea through the Labour cabinet — with a remarkable lack of political sensitivity. Details of the strength of their case have leaked out in dribs and drabs — increasing the amount of speculation about their future. Ill-informed 'fears' have received prominent press coverage. The opposition to Inmos among Tories is not based on financial or technical arguments. It is epitomised by Norman Lamont who when opposition spokesman on industry said that 'viable companies can obtain money from the markets, those that cannot do not deserve to do so'

This view of the operation of capitalism suffers from a major misunderstanding about the way in which it currently behaves, which was well put by Weber when he described the activities of the American nineteenth century entrepreneur Henry Villard:

> He organised the famous 'blind pool'. In order to stage a stock exchange raid on the shares of the Northern Pacific Railroad he asked the public for a loan of fifty million pounds without revealing his goal, and received it without security by virtue of his reputation. The structure and spirit of this robber capitalism differs radically from the rational mangement of an ordinary capitalist large scale enterprise.....The double nature of what may be called the 'capitalist spirit' and the specific character of modern routinised capitalism with its professional bureaucracy, can be understood only if these two structural elements, which are ultimately different but everywhere intertwined, are conceptually distinguished.

It is this difference which the Tory opponents of Inmos cannot distinguish. The British financial system long ago ceased to display any signs that it could provide finance for entrepreneurial activities which carried significant risks. It has been able to persuade itself that large investments in property - some of which enriched individuals who acted as intermediaries - were risk free; wrongly persuade itself, as it often turns out. But it has not been able to understand risk in industry.

Some investments, however, are of sufficient importance that they cannot be left to the private sector, and the state has taken over the responsibility. In America, for istance, military and defence spending has supported the microelectronics industry to the tune of $900m between 1958 and 1974. The basis on which the NEB agreed to finance Inmos is essentially that of the 'robber capitalist': the past record of the three partners, the prospects for the future and their reputation was the security. In fact, the money involved is not that large when set against the billions which the government is risking on (say) its nuclear programme: the financial return on this is pretty dubious.

If the Tory government continues to make the Cardiff factory a condition for INMOS getting the next £25 million, the company has three choices. It could take the money and either stay in Bristol or move the whole operation to Cardiff, hoping that the damage is not too great: the government will not really know the strength of the company's feeling about the siting argument until it presses the point. Or the company could move to America. Already soundings have been made about the prospect of raising the capital over there but no institution is willing to put up money whilst the British government remains a shareholder and the terms would also be much harder on the company than at present. But the recently appointed finance director has just purchased a house in Colorado, and moving the company to America is clearly an option in the company's mind. Turning down the £25 million might delay the development of some of the products a little - a risky course — but it is just possible that the company might accept the money but progressively switch the design effort to America, so that the UK plants were little more than assembly branches. This could be still a good investment for the NEB, but a bad one for British industry.

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ANTI-SEMITISM
Christopher Hitchens

Some people on the 'Left' continue to tolerate Jew-bashing

The socialism of fools

LAST MONTH a letter was printed in *Socialist Worker*. It purported to attack the screening of *Death of a Princess*. But the author, one Anthony Jones, managed to mention the 'international Zionist conspiracy' and to suggest that the names of Grade and Bernstein indicated a sinister control over the media. Jones felt that the screening of the film 'aided Zionism'. So that, really, there was nothing unusual about his letter — a clear case of antisemitic paranoia — except the name of the paper which printed it.

It is true that the letter received a furious rebuttal in the very next issue, from another correspondent rather than from the editors. But there was a time when such tripe would have been unprintable on the Left — if only because those who felt that way would not be masquerading as radicals. The great German Marxist August Bebel once referred to antisemitism as 'the socialism of fools'; a method of conscripting the politics of envy for racial purposes. The current outrage over Begin's colonial policy has led, disgracefully, to a certain shoddiness in the vocabulary of some campaigners.

Recently the students of Sunderland Polytechnic were confronted with a pamphlet, printed by students at Sheffield University and entitled *The Global Conspiracy*. This illiterate tract set out to show how the Russian and French revolutions had been masterminded by the Jews. It is peppered with sentences like this:

> The Reign of Terror would be conceived by the leaders of the Jewish Illuminati . . . the design of the flag was a Red Flag with a Hammer and Sickle and THE STAR OF JUDEA imposed.

It would not be worth mentioning this emission if it was being peddled by the National Front or the British Movement. But it is actually being put about by groups claiming to be interested in 'national liberation'. The fact that the quotations above come from a notorious Christian fanatic sect in America does not prevent them being circulated by 'Islamic societies' here. Try this for example:

> The Judo-Christian (sic) conspiracy is far above the intelligence of Mr Sadat. Perhaps he is ignorant that the Jews and the Christians have committed genocide of human race since the dawn of civilisation. In the modern times, technology has changed since their appearance and methods but inside their conscience, if they have any, the brute is still lurking.
>
> O ye who believe! Take not the Jews and the Christians for your friends and protectors; they are but friends and protectors to each other. And he amongst you that turns to them (for friendship) is of them. Verily God guideth not a people unjust.

That comes from *The Flocks*, published by the Islamic Society at the University of Essex. Despite student union displeasure, which had the magazine withdrawn last academic year, the selfsame quotations were circulated again this term. And, as long as the hate material is cloaked in suitably Koranic verbiage, the Race Relations Act is powerless. Attacks on the Jews as a religious group are not covered by law.

Jewish students are worried and angry, not just by obviously insulting matter like *The Flocks*, but by what they see as a general indifference and even prejudice. The position is in some ways better than it was two years ago, when Jewish Societies and Israel Societies were being banned by student unions. But there are still a few campuses where Jewish activity is forbidden, and several more where it is subjected to unpleasant harassment.

Item. The Jewish Society at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) has been refused recognition by the students union. The Union of Jewish Students reports that Jewish graduates are now giving the school a wide berth, and that their numbers have fallen sharply.

Item. Jewish students at the LSE were forcibly turned away from an open meeting on the Middle East last February — on the grounds that they were Jewish and therefore unwelcome.

Item. The Communist Jewish president of the the National Union of Students, David Aaronovitch, has been subjected to a campaign of forged and slanderous letters, accusing him of being in the pay of the Israeli Embassy and of having 'A Zionist name'.

Item. The Union of Students in Ireland (Irish NUS) refuses to recognise the Union of Jewish Students. Jewish students in Ireland thus do not get union support when it comes to questions like kosher food in canteens, or examination dates fixed for the Jewish sabbath.

SOME JEWISH STUDENTS are too ready to see 'a pattern' in all this. But there is little doubt that most of these episodes are related to the current unpopularity of Israel, and to the fact that the UJS is a pro-Zionist organisation (although it does have a policy of 'mutual recognition' between Israel and the Palestinians).

Ever since the famous United Nations decision that Zionism was a form of racism, and ever since the National Union of Students voted to deny a hearing to racists, Jewish and pro-Israeli students have been in a false position that is not of their making. Some anti-Zionist groups freely compare Israel with Nazi Germany and produce posters with the Star of David twisted into a swastika shape. The British Anti-Zionist Organisation (BAZO), which has been criticised as anti-semitic by Palestinian students and by the Workers Revolutionary Party, is especially adept at this tactic. Jewish students point out that the Star of David is the symbol of Judaism, and was so long before the State of Israel was founded, so that any disfigurement of it is an attack, even if an ignorant one, upon the Jewish religion. After all, the Saudi Arabian flag is a verse from the Koran, and no enemy of the Saudi regime would dream of defacing the Koran to make a point. Apart from which, Israel is certainly not a Nazi state. And the feelings of Jews when they hear the comparison can be imagined (or perhaps not imagined).

Prejudice, like the legendary elephant, is sometimes a little hard to define. But, like the elephant, you know it when you see it. The British Anti-Zionist Organisation has produced a pamphlet called 'The Union of Jewish Students (UJS) — A Study in Hypocrisy'. Fair enough you might think; all in the spirit of give and take. But in fact the cover reads 'The Union of "Jewish" Students (U"J"S) — A Study in Hypocrisy'. Does that make any difference? If you're Jewish it does. Bigotry and nastiness are very often a matter of the tone of voice — even the pronunciation of the word 'Jew' can speak volumes.

As I said earlier, none of this would matter so much if it came from openly racialist sources. But it seems to be a matter of sloppy and thoughtless behaviour on the part of people who would have nothing to do with any overtly anti-semitic organisation. If a pamphlet called *The Six Million Reconsidered*, published by an American Nazi group called 'The Committee for Truth in History' (sic), had been offered for sale on campus by the National Front it would lead to uproar and probably a student union ban. But such a pamphlet was on sale recently at Aston University, and because it was sold under a spurious 'anti-Zionist' rubric it managed to stay on the market for some time.

All this is intolerable. The racism of Begin does *not* mean that Israel is like South Africa or the Third Reich. The sympathy of some earlier Zionists for European fascism does *not* make every pro-Israeli Jew into a personal enemy. The lazy wording of some resolutions on Zionism and Palestine does *not* give carte blanche for the bullying of Jewish student clubs.

Only a few weeks ago, the Jewish Society stall at Salford University was being roughed up by some opponents of Israel. A local photographer who took pictures of the event was surrounded and threatened with violence unless he surrendered his film. The students' union did not feel itself able to do more than 'mediate between the two sides'. Nor did the National Union of Students, when faced with the open intimidation of UJS activists in the lobbies of its conference — often carried out by people who were not members of the union at all.

Student left organisations, which typically and traditionally count a large number of Jewish members, have in the past been admirable in their opposition to any form of Jew-baiting. But, as the letter in *Socialist Worker* shows, it is still possible for bigots and those of low mentality to acquire spurious radical credentials. Nobody has accused the *New Statesman* of being part of Israel's media chorus. We were almost the only paper to point out the hollowness of the Camp David accords, and the futility of trying to write the Palestinians out of the record. But, as the Middle East deteriorates along predictable lines, it becomes more than ever necessary to adopt a scrupulous and vigilant policy against the poison of anti-semitism.

Hysterical Zionist Response.

The pro-Zionist Establishment, and here we include the U'J'S, became hysterical.
Unable to win the political debate, the U'J'S began to claim that anti-Zionist activists were motivated by *'anti-semitism'* and that the democratic rights of Jewish students in Britain were under threat.
In fact there has never been any evidence to suggest that these allegations had the slightest substance to them.
There was a wide-spread dispute about the political movement of Zionism and the nature of the Zionist state. In some colleges, students

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ALGERIA
Stuart Holland

Boumedienne's legacy is a collapsing economy and political unrest

Fifteen years of waiting

MANY PEOPLE would prefer not to celebrate 19 June 1980: it is the 15th anniversary of the imprisonment of Ahmed Ben Bella, founding father and first president of the independent republic of Algeria, overthrown in a military coup.

From June 1965 until 14 July 1979 Ben Bella was in prison. On the latter date, with considerable international publicity, he was 'released' and granted accommodation in a villa at M'Sila, some 300 kilometres from Algiers, on the edge of the Sahara desert. In the reports of the world press, he was now a free man. According to the Algerian authorities on 1 November last year he would be genuinely freed, rather than under house arrest or restriction.

Such freedom never occurred. A variety of leading world figures including Sekou Toure of Guinea, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania and the Ayatollah Khomeini (through his foreign minister Yahzdi) tried to make contact with Ben Bella without success. In April this year, with Ken Coates of the Bertrand Russell Foundation, I visited M'Sila and briefly met Ben Bella, before being escorted to the Prefect of the region, who explained that Ben Bella was not free to see foreign journalists or visitors without prior permission from the authorities.

We were the first foreigners who had seen and spoken with Ben Bella for the fifteen years since his imprisonment. Although now 63, he is slim, unlined and in good spirit.

Some form of come-back, in some role, is more than a possibility under present conditions in Algeria. President Chadli Benjedid, a compromise candidate for the presidency last year, is essentially a military man, arguably out of his depth in the economic and political crisis which has followed the death of Boumedienne. Certainly Ben Bella's release from prison in July last year, within a few months of Chadli becoming president, indicated real pressures for his freedom. In fact it seems clear that opposition to his release came not from Chadli himself, but from former members of the Boumedienne regime in the *Bureau Politique* or Council of Ministers, such as Mohamed Salah Yahyaoui (himself a contender for the presidency), Rabah Bitat, Ahmed Taleh and Ben Yahia (the Minister of Foreign Affairs), who stood to lose from both the return of Ben Bella and the political forces which such a return might provoke against themselves. On 3 May this year the nominally sovereign, two hundred member Central Committee 'disqualified' the *Bureau Politique* on the grounds that it had 'wronged Algeria' and that it was 'time to change'. Moreover, an extraordinary session of the 2,000 member Congress, which normally meets on a two yearly basis, has been called to cope with the crisis.

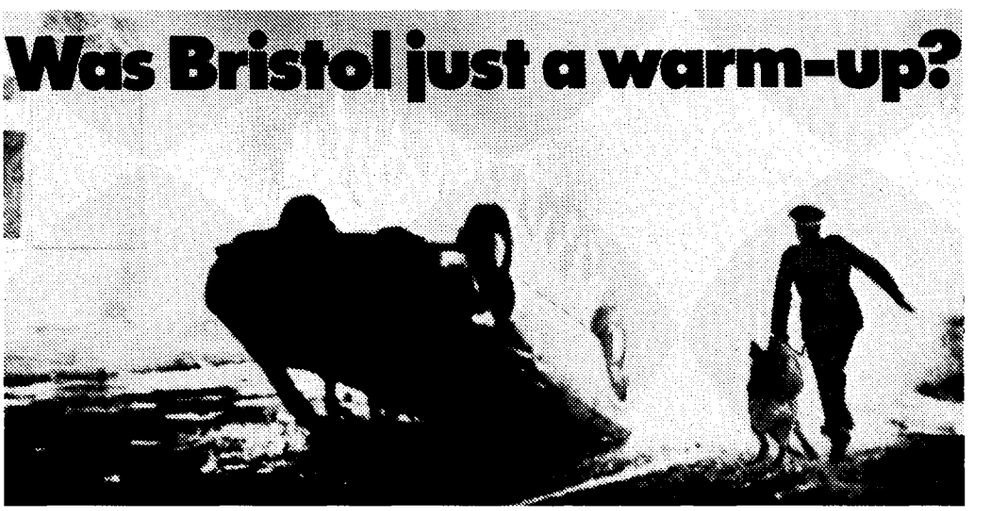
This is not to say that the Congress will meet and simply demand the restoration of Ben Bella. But there now is a patent political crisis in the country which raises fundamental questions about both the Boumedienne inheritance from 1965 to 1979 and the future direction of the country. The economy is collapsing; there is disaffection among key elites in the army (which has a majority in the Central Committee which has just 'disqualified' the government); recent repression of student protest has included the death of 32 people in an armed occupation of the university of Tizi-Ouzou in April; there are major problems with ethnic minorities in the Berber region of which Tizi-Ouzou is part, and general strikes took place this spring both there and in the second city of the country, Oran.

The economic crisis is both severe and highly political. In the first years of the revolution, Ben Bella supported workers' cooperatives and self-management in industry and, especially, in agriculture. Boumedienne installed a more vertical, State controlled and Soviet style organisation, with massive emphasis on industry rather than agriculture, and high rather than intermediate technology. On the most recent figures, agriculture gained only 15 per cent of the State budget, while employing two thirds of the country's working population; two thirds of the budget went to industrial investment and related services.

The results have been a change from Algeria's pre-revolutionary standing as a major net exporter of food products into an agricultural importer. Imports of American technology for prestige projects, with high investment, have not promoted the industrialisation 'push' of a Soviet model. Much of Algerian industry is operating at less than half or a quarter of capacity. The cement industry, a key indicator of construction activity, is producing only 1½ million tonnes a year against a capacity of some 8 millions. A collapse of the balance of payments has been stemmed only by export of non-reproducible oil and gas.

IN POLITICAL TERMS, the crisis of the economy is reflected in the lack of a clear international role for post-revolutionary Algeria. Boumedienne had tried to gain a degree of relative autonomy from the US and Soviet super powers, playing off a Soviet type centralised organisation with US technology and know-how. But in reality this meant a dependence on both Soviet and US influence, rather than freedom from either.

Ben Bella's international initiatives, in terms of non-alignment with the superpowers, and independence for both African and Islamic countries, put Algeria in the front rank of both the former colonial countries and world opinion. With Tito, and more than Sekou Toure or Julius Nyerere, Ben Bella's name became a household word outside his country and its immediate sphere of influence. Not least, in relation to the new Islam in Iran, with its incoherent and anti-socialist forces, Ben Bella has always been both a devout Muslim and a committed socialist. Khomeini has demanded his release because he belong not only to Algeria but also to Islam. Yet for both Algeria and for a wider world, including Left freedom fighters of the Mujahidin and Fedayin in other countries, Ben Bella still offers a chance to reconcile Islam and democratic socialism.



John Rex, director of the Social Science Research Council's Unit for Ethnic Relations, believes we could be heading for something as explosive and violent as the Watts riots in Los Angeles, unless the legitimacy of blacks as British citizens is recognised by all three political parties, and Britain's black communities start taking responsibility for looking after their own interests.

Also in this week's Times Higher Education Supplement:

* Peter Marris on the culture of narcissism
* Sir Monty Finniston on engineering
* The decline and fall of manpower planning

THE TIMES Higher Education SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday

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London Diary

☐A drooping missile — an Honest John, no less — grasped firmly in a man's right hand, will soon be familiar as the logo for Labour's new campaign against nuclear arms. I hope this quaint confusion of imagery doesn't reflect any uncertainty in the campaign itself. So far, the party seems to be clear where it stands on the Cruise question — which is more than can be said for its position on nuclear energy. A consultation paper on *Nuclear Power and the Environment,* which is soon to be sent out to members, is a frantic exercise in equivocation. On the one hand (it says) energy forecasts suggest we don't need nuclear power; on the other hand, forecasts are unreliable. And, anyway, what if Labour got back into power and made the economy grow really fast? Alternative sources seem a good idea, but what about *their* environmental effects? Nuclear energy is dangerous, but then again, the dangers are only 'comparable' with those incurred by other industries ... A whole team of *Guardian* leader writers could not have conspired to produce such a masterpiece.

But believe it or not, behind all that indecisive waffle, there are people with passionate views. Labour's Environmental Study Group, chaired by Joan Maynard, prepared earlier drafts which made no bones about saying that *'contributions from alternative sources should steadily increase'* (their italics); and 'environmental dangers ... [should not be] added to by major new developments in nuclear technology.' Last February, the Study Group pulled off quite a coup: it got the NEC to issue a statement which vigorously condemned the Tories' plans for peppering the countryside with Pressurised Water Reactors. But at that point the Energy Sub-Committee — which is stacked with such nuclear enthusiasts as John Spellar of the Electricians' Union, Mike Thomas, whose constituency covers the Parsons turbine plant, and John Cunningham, the Windscale MP — leaped in demanding to have their say. Since then, the two groups have been at each other hammer and tongs. The consultation paper is a pathetic attempt to synthesise the opinions of both, rather than let anybody know there is an honest row going on.

☐Will this be the week when I finally become a card-carrying social democrat? The suspense is killing me. Like a deviant rat, I decided to join the Labour Party after last year's election. It's been harder than I'd ever imagined.

This will probably infuriate the faithful, who know that anyone who wants to join badly enough will find a way in. But I'll admit to being a little half-hearted about nailing my colours to Jim Callaghan's mast. I needed encouragement. Some moral blackmail ... a form thrust under my nose by a hefty comrade who won't budge until I've signed ... veiled threats of knee-capping, that sort of thing. Nobody wanted to help me.

I met a man whom I knew to be a big wheel in the local ward, and mentioned my ambition over a drink. He made a note in his diary. I went home and waited for the eager knocking at my door. Months passed. I told my neighbours. They gave me an address. I kept forgetting to go there. A form was shoved through my letter box. I lost it under a pile of papers. Eventually I found it, filled it in and passed it to a friend who was on her way to the Branch meeting. Weeks went by. When I enquired, she gasped and clapped her hand guiltily over her mouth. But then, about four weeks ago, she swore she'd done the deed: my name had gone forward at last. Okay, so what's the hold-up? If my case is typical, there are thousands of three-quid subs out there, just waiting to be snapped up.

Mind you, if they don't let me in soon, I might go off the idea. I discovered the other day that the person in charge of political education in my ward is none other than my 19-year-old stepson, who lives down the block and has just completed his 'A' levels. Now, he is an excellent and clever fellow, a credit to the party. But the news left me feeling ... well, undermined. Still, it must be a good thing for Labour to have young people taking such an interest, and I shall try not to be crabby.

☐If Labour activists — like police officers and gynaecologists — are getting younger all the time, feminists unfortunately are not. I have been looking out for ages for a new generation, fresh out of school, college or early marriage, who will elbow us veterans out of the way and take up the struggle. There are some, of course, but not the *hordes* I would like to see.

No one could pretend the fight was over. The pay gap yawns wider every year, with women's average hourly earnings dropping from 70.83 per cent of men's in October 1978 to 70.67 per cent a year later. And women are losing their jobs a hell of a lot faster than men. I learned this week from the Department of Employment Gazette that between January 1979 and January 1980, female unemployment rose by eight per cent, compared with a 1.8 per cent *drop* in the number of men out of work. How did I miss the newspapers the day they ran *that* as a front page lead?

So it would be a disaster if the women's movement went into decline as its predecessor did in the 1920s. The trouble is, after ten years of being angry in the face of ridicule and determined in the face of grim resistance, some of us are a bit flaked. I am compiling, with like-minded friends, a Refresher Course for Clapped-Out Feminists.

☐Lesson One: look on the bright side. Things are really buzzing down at the TUC. The atmosphere has changed dramatically, as though a window had been thrown open in the morning air. The brave and terrifying Ethel Chipchase has stepped down after almost 20 years as Secretary to the Women's Advisory Committee, and I shall be intrigued to see who takes her place. The heir-apparent is Anne Gibson, formerly Ethel's assistant and temperamentally her opposite, a gentle and friendly soul in her late thirties. And Carol Sherriff, 25, has recently been recruited from the Manpower Services Commission: she is a quiet character with a slow, contemplative smile, whom I suspect has the makings of a very shrewd bureaucrat.

But they are best judged by their work, and the latest thing to emerge from their department is an admirably *un*equivocal paper on 'positive action' in women's employment. It proposes, with impressive detail, that trade unions should negotiate special methods of recruitment, training and selection, to shift entrenched patterns of discrimination. For the TUC to recognise that this is necessary — indeed vital — if we are ever to have equality, is a mighty step. And the document has just been approved by the General Council.

☐I blame myself, of course. But where, oh where did I go wrong? My sweet peas are dying. I've given them nothing but the best. Perhaps they sense they don't really belong on a third-floor balcony in Battersea, snobbish little buggers. I am driven in desperation to wonder what are the plant-feeding properties of goose droppings. For this is the goose shit season in Battersea Park. First the dear, fluffly goslings make their appearance, and their Canadian parents treat us to a first-rate display of collective child care. But that stage is all too short. Soon, great flotillas of teenage geese come in to land, pecking the grassy lakesides bald and dispensing, in return, fresh carpets over the pathways.

☐However, the geese are not such a menace as the police, who spend more time cruising around the park than they ever do patrolling the nearby (notoriously rough) Doddington estate. There, the commonest complaint of residents is that the police are never seen. Can the crime rate among tennis players and roller skaters be *that* serious?

☐Last Sunday, taking an early stroll, I noticed that a huge marquee the size of a football pitch had gone up by the bowling green. Peeping inside, I saw row upon row of trestle tables, covered with white cloths and laid for a meal. Each place setting had a big bread roll on a side plate and a smart red napkin propped up in a glass. Who could be giving a wedding breakfast in Battersea Park? There were even more police around than usual and I asked an officer what was going on. 'We're feeding 4,000 coppers here today!' he told me proudly. A ceremony of some kind? Well, in a way. It was home base for the police who went out that day to patrol a National Front march. Every one of the 700 who trekked from Hyde Park to Princes Gate had at least five officers for protection.

Anna Coote

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐An Arab sheikh is to build a harem in his Berkshire garden with the approval of planning chiefs. At Sheikh Abdul Aba Al Khail's luxury mansion, Woodpeckers, in Winkfield, near Windsor, the garage and stables will be converted into a dwelling for the women so he can entertain guests without offending Islamic law. — *Daily Telegraph* (M. A. Hlinka)

☐For the teacher who feels revulsion at the cane, perhaps the Rev Tom Hall, priest in charge of St Cuthman's Church, Brighton, has the answer. He punishes his seven childen with Winnie the Whale, a whale-shaped board intended, he says, to 'make them wail.' — *Brighton Evening Argus* (Laurence Kitchin)

☐Commentator required for weekend Polo matches at the Guards Polo Club, Windsor Great Park. Limited knowledge of game a help. — *The Times* (E. Hutchinson)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The fall of Red Vienna

From Christopher Hitchens

I think that I expressed myself poorly on the fall of Red Vienna (NS 23 May). When I said that it fell without a serious shot fired in its defence, I did not intend any denigration of those who gave and lost their lives in the battle. I was referring to the notorious vacillations of the then Social Democratic leaders who — with the example of Hitler in front of them — still believed that a 'historic compromise' was possible with fascism. Memoirs of the period bear me out, from such diverse sources as Naomi Mitchison's *Vienna Diary* (1934), Eric Gedye's *Fallen Bastions* (1939) and Joseph Buttinger's *In the Twilight of Socialism* (1953). The best description of the affair comes from Hautmann and Kropf who called it 'both a heroic battle and a debacle'.

New Statesman

Calculating closed shops

From John Gennard, Stephen Dunn and Mark Gregory

Helen Jackson (NS 16 May) argues that formal closed shops — or union membership agreements (UMAs) — are far more extensive than our research indicates. While it is not altogether clear from her article, we deduce that she considers at least 5.1 m. employees to be covered by UMAs alone, in contrast to our 5.2 m. (minimum) by both UMAs and informal practices. If our figure for informal closed shops (2.7 m.) is added to her UMA population, and allowance is made for both being underestimations, then Ms. Jackson's evidence implies that 8 m. trade unionists are in closed shops. Understandably, she does not commit herself to this startlingly high total. She admits it to be an extreme possibility, but prefers a lower, unspecified figure which depends on the assumption that our informal closed shop estimate is an exaggeration. She offers no evidence in support of this contention however, and we find it unlikely. Conscious of the difficulty in detecting unwritten closed shops, we were extremely cautious in our assessment of them. For this reason, the true closed shop population is likely to be around 5½ million.

As membership of TUC-affiliated unions is about 12 m., Ms Jackson's research would indicate that only 4 million trade unionists are *not* in the closed shop — far too few. Even a cursory look at union membership distribution reveals substantial areas of employment where closed shops are rare or non-existent. In teaching, health, finance, the civil service and agriculture over 2 m. unionists can be found in 'open' shops. Add to these at least a further 2 m. in the 'open' sectors of the nationalised industries, of local government and of white collar employment in private manufacturing, and already the 4 m. figure is reached. Thus, for the 8 m. closed shop population to be possible, all other trade unionists would have to be covered by the practice. This is clearly not the case. No-one would claim that closed shop coverage in industries such as construction, private road haulage and the remainder of the large service sector is anything more than patchy. Even among manual workers in private manufacturing, an area where the practice is commonplace, we would argue, with support from a recent survey by the Industrial Relations Research Unit at Warwick, that between 1 and 1½ m. union members are outside closed shops.

On a more technical level, the brevity of Ms Jackson's article makes a detailed reply difficult. Sometimes it is imprecise. We were puzzled, for instance, by her use of the term 'establishment'. This is usually defined as a factory, plant or office at a single site or address. As she reports having 'been in touch with' only 297 of the many hundreds of thousands of establishments in Britain (26,000 in engineering alone), it might be assumed that her survey was fairly limited in scope. Clearly, she cannot be following the accepted understanding of the word.

At other times she is admirably precise. She tells us that there are 643,386 local authority workers in UMAs. On what day during her 5 years of research was this exact number covered? Was it before or after some Conservative local authorities withdrew UMAs? Does it refer to actual bodies employed or their full-time equivalent, an important distinction when part-time working is prevalent? Such nit-picking may seem disingenuous. Yet the point is important. The absolute accuracy of her figures suggests that calculating the closed shop coverage is a simple matter of aggregating perfect statistical data, instead of the complex operation our experience has shown it to be.

We find the large average coverage of each of Ms Jackson's UMAs to be especially intriguing. In local authorities, for example, her 50 UMAs encompass on average 13,000 people. In England and Wales, however, only two types of authority employ on average more than 13,000: metropolitan districts (av. 16,000) and non-metropolitan counties (av. 24,600). But a third of each total are teachers, who are not involved in UMAs, and the residue is further partitioned into manual and white collar (APTC) and a host of lesser bargaining units. At most, therefore, a single UMA could cover half an authority's workforce. Only the non-metropolitan counties could thus approach Ms Jackson's 13,000 average. But these are the 'shires' which tend to be Conservative controlled and in which UMAs are resultantly rare. Even in the GLC, the biggest employer, the 2 UMAs together cover no more than 22,000 of the 117,600 workforce. UMAs are, admittedly, fairly common in local government. In fact, we found 66, 16 more than Ms Jackson. In total, however, these cover fewer than 200,000 workers, about 3,300 per agreement, which appears to reflect more accurately the size of bargaining units in this sector.

London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2

Puffs of smoke

From Howard Brenton and Tony Howard

Over the past few weeks Mr Julian Barnes has sent up a smoke screen of shockingly petty little letters. They accuse John Arden of 'ethically dubious and journalistically imprudent' behaviour. Mr Arden's sin is that while informing us of Margaretta D'Arcy's (not uncommon) experiences with the British Security Forces in Northern Ireland he did not mention he is married to Ms D'Arcy.

We might contest some of Ms D'Arcy's views and one of us has had a go at them in this paper. But she is a principled woman not afraid of the loss of liberty the British Government reserves for its Irish critics. Mr Barnes's puff of smoke obscures the fact that Ms D'Arcy is now serving a three month sentence in the 'A' Block of Armagh Gaol along with several other women who refused to pay £40 fines last year for demonstrating peacefully outside the Gaol.

When will the London literati stop seeing vital public matters in terms of childish, personal quarrels? Mr Barnes reduces any attempt to engage with what Ms D'Arcy is telling us about the war in Ireland to a matter of 19th century etiquette about how a man should refer to his wife in company. Shame on him.

Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, London SE1

Bolstering reputations

From Clare R. Venables

As the 'last director' referred to in Judith Cook's article on the tie-up between the Royal Court and Stratford East (NS 13 June), perhaps I may comment on the dismissal of the two and a half years' work that I and the company did at Stratford as 'well-meaning plays with a message' that attracted little local interest.

O'Casey, Fielding and Brecht, among the dead, and Martin Duncan & David Ultz, Tony Robinson, Tom McGrath, David Holman, Ken Hill and Nick Darke, among the living writers would no doubt be amused at the description of their work as well meaning plays with a message. It is less amusing to state that the local audience didn't come. They did. Just for the record.

The politics of the theatre world being what they are, it is common for an incoming director's reputation to be bolstered at the expense of the outgoing, and for claims to be made for a new local audience where all have failed before. It is particularly unpleasant to see this syndrome operating here, where the current director was, during my time as director, the Chairman of the Board of Stratford East and therefore supporting and guiding the very work that is dismissed now that he is in the new role of director of 'his' theatre.

48 Castlewood Road, London N16

No influence?

From David Pelly

P. R. Francis (Letters 13 June) makes two points about his actuarial evaluation of the Lucas Staff Pension Fund. He denies ever being influenced by the Company in his decisions relating to the expected investment returns and he states that his reports on the successive evaluations were submitted to the Trustees.

On the first count it must be stated unequivocally that at the meeting of the Lucas Staff Pension Fund Consultative Committee held on 5 November 1979, with representatives of management, scheme members and Trade Union trustees present, Mr Francis admitted being influenced by the Company. This was witnessed and carefully recorded in minutes of that meeting made by one of the union representatives and submitted to the unions' joint committee.

On the second count, the fact that his reports were given to the Trade Union Trustees is irrelevant if they did not disclose that the actuarial assumptions had been changed following discussions with the Company. When the Trade Union Trustees demanded to know why they had not been informed of this 'tete-a-tete' between the Actuary and Management (and its result) the Director of Personnel Relations replied that the Trade Union Trustees hadn't asked!

The original purpose of revealing that such dealings had taken place was not a personal attack on the Actuary concerned, nor on the reputation of his company whose clients include nationalised industries and major clearing banks. Rather it highlights the complete lack of accountability of enormous sums of money that are workers' deferred wages and which have a major influence on the economy. These revelations about the Lucas Pension Fund came to light due to the sharp wits of a couple of union trustees. What happens in the majority of cases where trustees are less critical, or where there are no employee Trustees at all, is anybody's guess.

North East London Polytechnic

On the farm

From A.D. Ashton

It would be interesting to know how Mr Tariq Ali justifies his statement that the average wage of a farmworker is £40 per week (NS 30 May). Under the Agricultural Wages Order 1980 the minimum rate of pay for an agricultural worker aged 20 or over is £58 per week. This is for a 40 hour week.

60 Grove Avenue, Norwich

Rights for the disabled

From Peter Townsend

We are carrying out some research from this Department about industrial injury disablement pensioners and would like to hear from anyone receiving a percentage pension. The Government is considering changes to the industrial injury scheme. We would like to find out more about the problems disabled people experience in relation to their rights to income. We would be pleased to hear from anyone who would be willing for a research worker to call on them for up to an hour. All information would of course be treated in confidence. Please write to me at the address below.

Department of Sociology, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Through the nose

When people point out to me, as they sometimes do, that such and such a thing is 'within sight and sound' of something or other, they find me all alert attention, with eyes keenly focussed and ears cocked, for reasonably good eyesight and hearing are still, and how grateful one is, mine. But if, on the other hand, they were to say that this or that is 'within sight and smell' of whatever it is, they would find me the picture of dejection, not a bounce in me and all keenness vanished, for my sense of smell, once envied by dogs, has long since become enfeebled and has now almost completely atrophied. There are said to be male butterflies which can detect the exciting presence of a potential Mrs (or Madam) Butterfly at a distance of three miles. Not I. If I were a butterfly, celibacy would have to be my lot. Whatever lady butterflies use as their own personal Chanel No. 5, would never reach me, sniff and snuff the air as I may. It is no hardship really as I doubt if I could ever learn to love caterpillars. And I am not all that keen on cabbages.

It is indeed a moot point as to whether the inability to smell (and here I am obviously using the verb 'smell' in its transitive and more fragrant sense) is one of Life's pluses or minuses. Do feel free to consider the matter for yourselves and form discussion groups, making your very own lists of favourite smells and otherwise. Here, for such is the sunniness of my nature, I shall be concentrating mainly on the pleasant ones. As a boy, one of the sharpest pleasures of the first day of the hols was to wake up, in one's own good time and deafened by no clanging bell, in one's own little bed at home and without any boisterous schoolboy neighbours in other beds ('Oh do shut up and go and boil your head, Bellamy!'), and to become aware, and rising from the kitchen regions below, of the smell of bacon and eggs cooking, with an occasional intermingling, and heralded by piercing shouts of dismay, of burnt toast, not in itself at all disagreeable to the nose and swiftly put to rights by that vigorous scraping with a knife that, however large or small the piece of toast, covered the whole sink in a fine black mantle. Coupled with these was that of coffee being prepared for the adults, for one preferred in those days tea, and wafting in too from the landing came the warm smells of soap and hot water and towels as by then my father had had his bath and was arraying himself for the 8.42 a.m. to London. Quite an anxious little moment for the household whose duty it was to ensure that the breadwinner departed in jocund mood.

If my Essex grandmother happened to be staying with us, she brought with her, and all the way from Colchester, her own distinctive smell. She was a lovely, round, cosy and roly-poly lady whom I greatly loved and, on meeting her each morning at breakfast, one was warmly embraced. This has its perils for her front part seemed to be festooned with a mass of necklaces and brooches and beads and metallic objects (pince-nez on a chain) and if you didn't look out you got a section of her hearing-aid stuck rather painfully up your nose. Here the smell was entirely the very agreeable one of lavender for she belonged to the days when many ladies filled their drawers (and here I am referring specially to chests of drawers and tallboys and other wooden containers) with lavender bags, and spent part of their time making and embroidering lavender bags and then going out to what were called Sales of Work and buying lavender bags constructed and embroidered by other ladies. In this way they each amassed the fifty or sixty lavender bags without which life would have been considered intolerable. The other item always available at Sales of Work was the now vanished pincushion, pincushions in all sizes and shapes (sometimes they were like a heart) and colours, but pincushions do not, unless some misfortune has happened to them and they have been spilt on, smell and therefore play no part in our survey.

My mother was a splendid gardener, her cries of 'I'm just off to dead-head the border' mystifying and agitating non-gardening visitors who seemed to assume from her words that we had paying guests whom my mother, an unlikely figure with an axe, periodically beheaded. She had designed and made, with professional help for 'the heavy', her own Berkshire garden from a lush and gently sloping field which had for countless years been occupied by nothing but cows, the soil greatly benefitting from what the cows had, from time to time, left behind. As a result, everything flourished and, going out into the garden after breakfast (I was too old for 'May I get down now, please?' but still young enough to have to wait for a dismissive nod), one was welcomed by every sort of flower smell — roses, great clumps of pinks, lilies, honeysuckle and so on. We none of us greatly cared for those old-fashioned summer-houses, damp and thatched abodes of all kinds of crawling creature and often standing among gloomy laurels, and instead we had a flagged and roofed-in area where it was possible to sit comfortably in the shade, view the landscape o'er, sniff the whiffs, open the *Morning Post* (another pleasant smell) and read what the critic had to say about *Sunny* at the London Hippodrome (1926, if you're rusty), with Binnie Hale and Jack Buchanan and to a matinée of which one had been invited the very next week. I am well aware that this was an idle and privileged pre-war existence but I see no reason for being repentant about it. It was lovely while it lasted, and I shall keep saying so from the tumbril, as it rattles its way to the block.

School smells were, however, rather a different kettle of fish and the breakfast haddock being prepared in the house kitchen and in clouds of steam carried its fishy message upwards to the dormitories and alerted us to the fact that any moment now the bell would go and that breakfast was going to consist, and yet again, of haddock. The haddock was not alone in scenting the dormitory air. I do not wish to disgust or depress readers as sensitive as myself, who am the first to wince at Life's nastier sides, but, all the same, facts are facts and in those days there was, by morning and beneath each bed, a generously filled *pot de chambre*, a necessary (for the few lavatories were far away) but highly unhygienic receptacle which has long since disappeared together with the maids whose doubtfully pleasing task it was to empty them into fearful things called slop pails. And while we are in this sobering line of country, there was, in the village in which stood my prep school, Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast, a regular happening of an extremely displeasing nature. I do not know of what the local drains consisted, or if the sewage was collected in underground caverns measureless to man, but I do know that in the 1920s a sewage cart would arrive every so often and, letting down a large pipe through a man-hole, would pump up what lay all too obviously beneath. On our way to the playing-field, we frequently viewed and smelt, to cries of 'Pooh!' and '*Quel* stink!', the unlovely operation in progress. And in addition, the district, rich in farm land, was dotted with silos which also had their whiffy word to say, and our crocodile walks often saw the entire procession with rather grubby handkerchiefs pressed firmly to their noses.

At Stirling Court, damp smells predominated. Damp linoleum, swabbed with a mop, greeted one on emerging from a classroom. All our towels were in a permanent state of dampness and our games clothes, thrust into an airless locker and emerging as soggy as they went in, didn't have a chance. Pegs in a dank corridor supported our macintoshes and overcoats, always damp from the wet sea-air in which they had their outings. The table-cloths were damp (and it was a 1d fine if you spilt a tumbler and increased their dampness) and the food itself, particularly stews and cabbage, was watery. Watery too were the eyes of the headmaster, to whom we were much attached, but the eyes owed themselves less to water than to Scotch, though at the time we were too innocent to realise it and loyally attributed his rolling gait to a life on the ocean wave and to the fact that Portsmouth and the Royal Navy were just around the corner and exerting their influence.

But taking it all round, and remembering the delicious smells from freshly macadamised roads, bread shops, lilac, pine bath essence, starched linen, tweed, woods after rain and Fortnum's Food Halls in all their succulent glory, I think I miss more than I gain. Is there such a thing as a smelling-aid?

Roger Woddis

Cause for Alarm

'Recent events in the Labour Party must alarm anyone who cares about democracy and freedom in the longer term.' — Jo Grimond.

The People's Flag, which we abhor,
Is redder now than heretofore:
The Leader, who is always right,
Must find it hard to sleep at night.
Submission to a litmus test
Strikes terror in the Liberal breast,
And means the end, or so we hear,
Of everything we hold most dear.

Farewell, alas, the days of old
When rankers did as they were told;
Those once prepared to do or die
Are now disposed to argufy.
If once this foul contagion spreads,
We'll all be questioned in our beds,
And freedom for the powers that be
Might pass, dear God, to you and me.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Dan Cruikshank

Chippendale & U-Boats

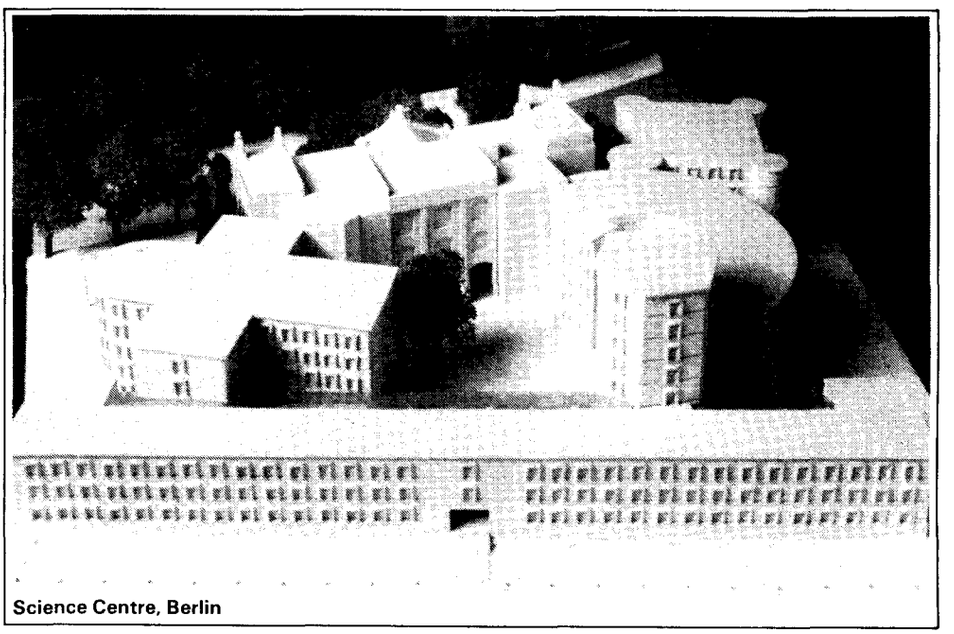
From the midst of that baffling confusion which has characterised architectural design for the last 25 years — a grotesquely large and confusing palette of architectural options — a strong, almost spontaneous consensus of opinion seems to be emerging from young architects in Europe and America. And, as one might expect given the last four decades' ultimately fruitless obsession with innovation and new technology, the new direction is exceedingly conservative.

In the United States and Europe buildings are appearing on the drawing board, if not yet on the ground, which are unmistakably historical in reference. The growth of this movement is being stimulated by a bevy of historians who seem now to be more concerned with making rather than reflecting upon history.

David Watkin's *The Rise of Architectural History,* a timely catalogue of the growth of historicism in architecture, establishes it as a moving force behind design. And the forthcoming Edwin Lutyens exhibition at London's Hayward Gallery will not just do a lot for Lutyens — who has already become a cult figure among young architects and historians both in England and America — but will establish a benchmark of popular architectural taste. The symbolic value alone of having an exhibition of the work of a major classical architect within one of our major modern movement public buildings will, no doubt, provide a moral uplift for those many architects who would like to live historicism but, because of their modern movement anti-history education, still feel a deep grained guilt if they attempt to imbue their buildings with any historical reference.

What characterises all current attempts at historicism is that they are broadly neo-classical in character. Most of these schemes will not, it is true, sport classical details — capitals based on the Erectheon or aedicules from Diocletian's palace — as earlier breeds of neo-classicism have done. But they are characterised by a neo-classical concern for scale, symmetry, materials and plan. At St Quentin, to the north of Paris, the Spanish architect Bofill is building a neo-classical new town with parades, amphitheatres, circuses and squares. The buildings will be constructed out of precast concrete blocks decorated with rudimentary classical mouldings.

In the USA the modern movement 'hard-edge' architect Philip Johnson has been converted to Lutyens and has now designed a tower block for New York with a broken pedimented top — like, as Johnson says, a large piece of Chippendale furniture. The English architect, James Stirling, has recently won a competition for extending the Research Institute in Berlin with an extraordinary scheme which, in plans, appears to consist of various elements from the Acropolis: an oblong block from the Parthenon, an octagon from the tower of the winds, and so on. A slightly earlier competition scheme from Stirling, also for Germany at Monheim, envisaged the creation of a huge symmetrical crescent incorporating pavilions which appeared to have been detached from Nazi neo-classical monuments. The whole was dominated by a tower which can only be described as looking like a giant conning tower of a U-boat.



Science Centre, Berlin

And this is where the neo-classical revival runs into trouble. On the one hand one sees this trend as merely, at the moment, the most obvious manifestation of architects' return to history. On the other, as an alarming return to the architecture of unthinking, anti-individual authority. Unquestionably, neo-classical architecture has always been favoured by authoritarian states, or at least societies ordered in such a way as to ensure a plentiful supply of workers to support the comforts of the elite. John Ruskin went further when, writing in the mid-19th century in *The Stones of Venice,* he dismissed classical architecture as a 'slave' architecture because the endless repetition of its necessarily identical parts demanded that the worker be a mere unthinking mechanism, merely responding to the will of the architect. Gothic, however, Ruskin argued, was humane for it allowed, encouraged, the mechanic to stamp his own individualism on the work. Gothic architecture represents the sum total of the work of thousands of individuals, while classical represents the suppression of thousands to the will of one.

A neat argument, and perhaps appropriate today if one substitutes modern movement for classical and historicism for Gothic. But really, it is hard to sustain such a simple polarisation in the light of what has happened since Ruskin's age. It is true that neo-classical design has been favoured by totalitarian states — viz. Stalin, Hitler. But then the modern movement — an architectural philosophy which grew in Germany immediately after the first world war — was socialist and egalitarian. The aim behind it was to create, as speedily as possible, humane and decent cities and towns for the mass of the people. Yet the downfall of this movement was largely due to the fact that its actual manifestations were so totally anti-human, mechanistic and coldly disdainful of all visual or socio-historical traditions. Much more so, of course, than the neo-classical monuments and volkisch housing built by the truly mechanistic, though not anti-historical, Third Reich.

In what is virtually the first book to put this phase of neo-classicism into a social and aesthetic context Berthold Hinz, in his *Art in the Third Reich,* reveals some of the aspects of neo-classical building which will have to be overcome if the burgeoning neo-classical movement is to achieve respectability.

In 1933 Hitler stated that he believed 'the most efficient way to create work for the German people is to revive the German economy by initiating large scale monumental building projects'. And, as Hinz points out, 'the term public (spending) was interpreted very broadly in the Third Reich — it had the same economic function as (money) spent for armaments'.

What this generally did not mean, however, was housing or directly socially useful building. As Hitler put it, 'The most important architectural task of the future will be to create communal buildings . . . that are suitable for German religious celebrations' — buildings such as the massive Reich party rallying grounds at Nuremberg, made particularly expressive (expensive) because of their largely symbolic purpose.

National Socialist buildings called for expensive materials and considerable hard labour in their construction, says Hinz, and were therefore 'ennobled' by the conditions of

Art in the Third Reich by BERTHOLD HINZ *Blackwell* £15 & £5.50

The Architecture of Humanism by GEOFFREY SCOTT, foreword by David Watkin *Architectural Press* £7.95 & £4.25

The Rise of Architectural History by DAVID WATKIN *Architectural Press* £8.95

The State of British Architecture by SUTHERLAND LYALL *Architectural Press* £10.95 & £5.95

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their production. The use of steel, concrete and glass — materials used in modern industrial construction based on engineering precepts — was rejected for public building as 'architectural Bolshevism'. To make public buildings even more costly, Albert Speer evolved a 'theory of ruin value'; not only were they to be constructed in an anachronistic fashion but also massively so that they would 'resemble Roman models after centuries . . . had passed'. Needless to say, public housing which, superficially, was designed in volkisch timber-frame, pitch-roof fashion and not neo-classical, suffered mightily in consequence of all this. Indeed, less was done than during the moribund Weimar period.

So, the Hitler era confirms the prejudice that neo-classicism is only an extravagant, pompous style suitable for state monuments built at the expense of real public benefit. There are arguments that can be fielded against this accusation and, possibly, neo-classicism, has as much to offer as any architectural style towards tackling the current problems — such as inner urban decay — which now face the architectural profession.

Leon Krier, for example, a young architect who has pioneered a permanent, stripped-down form of neo-classicism, can refer to the huge repertoire that classicism has to offer — in the 18th century it was not the style only of palaces and prisons but also of cosy cottages — and he has produced a scheme which demonstrates that the order inherent in classical urban designs can in itself be enlivening. If nothing else, it at least beings back the street and with it some congruity to urban life. The awful wasteland that surrounds tower blocks — the high point of the modern movement's attempt to solve urban problems — is too familiar both for the vandalism that it provokes and the visual blight that it creates.

Sutherland Lyall's book *The State of British Architecture* is a striking catalogue of the last decade's multivarious fads, yet no serious mention is made of historicism or the return to neo-classicism. Lyall reveals himself to be a basically modern movement man (though, admittedly, a somewhat disillusioned one). There exists a widespread self-delusion about the supposed virtues of the British architectural past and a desire to preserve it at all costs, says Lyall (an Australian) in a cri de coeur which reminds one only too well of the sentiments of those inspired architects and planners as they set about the carve-up of our city centres two decades ago. But Lyall does admit that the profession is in search of new ground rules. Certainly, if one believed in omens, the imminent re-issue of Geoffrey Scott's *The Architecture of Humanism* would seem to augur well for a return to historicism. It was this book, as David Watkin points out in the foreword to the new edition, that became, soon after it was published in 1914, 'a bible to architects anxious to bring about a classical renaissance'.

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John Bayley

Waiting for Real Water

Nostalgia for the Present: Selected Poems by ANDREI VOZNESENSKY *Oxford* £3.50

One tradition the Soviet Union has failed to carry on from 19th-century Russia — indeed one among many — is that good art is more deeply political than bad art. There is a sense, of course, in which this is true with us too, but we need not take much notice of it. Yet good poetry, to paraphrase Péguy, does begin in the individual and end up in the political. Larkin, say, or Lowell, would not be the poets they are if this were not the case: their attitudes are not a question of liberal beliefs or party allegiances, yet they are intensely if obscurely important to our sense of the whole of a society.

The same is true of one of the best Russian poets writing today, Voznesensky. If any truly individual voice in art sharply modifies our sense of the political, how much more must this be the case in Russia? There have always been elements of cipher and subterfuge in Voznesensky's work, just as there were at times in Pushkin's, but this is a question for the reader's intuition, as it would be in such a poem of Larkin's as 'Homage to a Government'. The seasoned Russian reader could detect something going on in the title poem of this collection, 'Nostalgia for the Present', and he would no doubt refer its indefinable political point, as one should, not to society but to other poetry. In the timeless continuum of the Soviet state it would be easy for the past to seem attractive, and banal to be looking forward to the future, the gleaming heights of socialism, or the yawning heights, as Zinoviev punned on them.

> Whatever is past is past. So much the better.
> But I bite at it as at a mystery,
> nostalgia for the impending present.
> And I'll never catch hold of it.

There is a probable echo of a poem by Tvardovsky.

> In history's golden book of fame
> No doubtful comma, not a crooked line
> Shall cast a shadow on our name.
> What's done is done.

Tvardovsky, enlightened editor of *Novy Mir,* was an excellent poet, and this poem, in part fulsome praise of Stalin for his war leadership, is by no means bad. But Solzhenitsyn bitterly attacked the 'what's done is done': it seems likely that Voznesensky noticed it too. So things crawl under the surface of his 'Nostalgia for the Present' poem, just as they should do, but they are more involuntary, more dangerous and vulnerable, than they would be in a poem written in England or America. Like other religions, communism has no time for the present: revelation was in the past and salvation in the future. Auden's *Spain,* in its curious half-false, half-true way makes the same point. Voznesensky's poem has also its underground contradictions.

> And when the Mafia laughs in my face
> idiotically I say:
> '*Idiots are all in the past. The present*
> calls for fuller understanding'.

But then follows a metaphor of water beginning to run clear.

> Black water spurts from the faucet
> Brackish water, stale water,
> rusty water flows from the faucet — I'll wait
> for the real water to come.

The poem muddles itself deliberately, but does not muddle its subterranean attack on dogma and stagnant idealism.

Voznesensky loves America, is mad about blue jeans and campuses and the fads that go with them. And the mostly American poets who have adapted into a kind of American poetry the literal translations provided for them have done an excellent job, as have Vera Dunham and the late Max Hayward, whose services to Russian literature will be sadly missed. Like most of the younger Russian poets Voznesensky's poetry is written to be spoken, indeed declaimed theatrically, and he has a very special kind of virtuosity with sounds and syllables which of course vanishes, but an equivalent kind of American idiom is an acceptable alternative. Robert Bly, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Stanley Kunitz, Louis Simpson and William Jay Smith are poets whose idiom, given language differences, is wholly congenial to that of the Russian, and the results are as felicitous as might be expected from that.

Nevertheless one sees why Akhmatova had such a contempt for Voznesensky's work — it was not just the jealousy of the old master for the expertise of the young and wholly Soviet product. There is something altogether too

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winning about his poems, though this can be itself the key to a deeper kind of success:

> O Suzdal Mother of God
> shining on the white wall,
> like that lady cashier
> in her oval ticket window,
> provide me with a ticket
> to that movie
> that can only be seen
> by those under sixteen.

That is winning but very moving too, and applies as much to our odiously secularised pornographic society as it would to the equivalent in officially atheist Russia. William Jay Smith and Vera Dunham make a most moving translation too of 'Prayer' ('Lord I grow for Thee, for Thee alone') which contrasts oddly with their offbeat rendering of 'Picture Gallery'.

> 'Mama, who's that funny man up there
> Flying with his arms out off that cross?'
> 'That must be some instructor of calisthenics, dear,
> Whose act may be tough to follow, of course.'

The completely different tone is typical of Voznesensky, who can command a great variety. His simplest religious imagery does not exactly fit into the poetry of American cosmopolitanism, but that is part of the charm. Where so much else in the poetry mingles with it effortlessly — the uncannily good translation of 'Requiem' might be rendered with banjos at any student gathering — there is a private intensity and loneliness at the heart of the Orthodox imagery which keeps even in the depersonalised idiom of cosmopolitanism its national character.

Otherwise this is a highly social poetry and very conscious of reaching hands across the sea. The poem to Robert Lowell, and another in memory of him, make that almost too clear. The latter recalls his visit as a tourist to places of historic and poetic interest in Moscow, and Voznesensky's return visit to Lowell's grave in Massachusetts, bringing berries that in Russia are a symbol of the Resurrection:

> . . . And bring these berries from Pasternak's rowan tree
> For all the good that rowanberries do.

The most interesting poem in the collection, though not the best, is 'Story Under Full Sail', a narration in parts based on the remarkable story of Nikolai Rezanov, who rose to be captain of Catherine the Great's guards and then went exploring in the Bering Sea and terrorised the coast of Japan before he sailed over to Vancouver Island and San Francisco. Here he fell in love with the daughter of the Spanish governor. His feelings were returned, and the pair persuaded their parents to let them be betrothed, but before the marriage took place Rezanov had to return to Russia to report his spectacular achievements, and died half way across Siberia. When she learnt of his death, the governor's daughter took the veil and became the first nun in California. This romantic piece of history has, as one might imagine, a strong appeal for Voznesensky, who gives it allegorical overtones. The link between Russia and Californian civilisation goes with his feeling for cosmopolitan possibilities, and indeed it might have been more than a link: if Rezanov's schemes had matured and been implemented the entire western littoral of what is now the USA might have been solidly settled by the Russians when the American pioneers arrived there.

Jim Crace
Migraines

Family Matters by ELIZABETH BERRIDGE *Heinemann* £6.25
The Education of Don Juan by ROBIN HARDY *Macmillan* £6.95
Post Office by CHARLES BUKOWSKI *Melbourne House* £6.25
The Anchor Tree by EMYR HUMPHREYS *Hodder* £6.50
Tribal Chieftains by BARRIE HUGHES *Weidenfeld* £5.95
The Rat Report by CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON *Constable* £5.95

Writers and readers seduced by Proust into imagining that in literature there is some connection between length and depth should disabuse themselves with Robin Hardy's *long* first novel, *The Education of Don Juan,* and with Elizabeth Berridge's latest collection of *short* stories, *Family Matters.*

In a few paragraphs Berridge can create a world of place and character easily as substantial and certainly more engaging than Robin Hardy's 500 pages of laboured invocation. She writes with elegance and economy and, above all, with a sympathetic eye for those rusty hinges upon which swing the emotions of the elderly shabby-genteel. For Berridge the family is a spider's web in which outsiders are enmeshed and devoured and insiders, between graceful and revitalising acts of defiance, atrophy and die.

'Things keep you anchored,' says newly-widowed Mrs Jameson in 'Breakthrough', and it is indeed the loss of possessions as much as the loss of husbands and parents which has set Berridge's 'ladies' so perilously adrift — some favourite wine glasses stolen by a burglar, some treasured note-books scrumped by a museum, some familiar household effects under the uncaring hammer of an auctioneer. Whether it is poor Miss Millicent Pemberton, out of season on Eastgate Sands ('She was like the ghost of a holiday maker, regarding the ghost of a holiday sea'), or the oddly-matched Evie and Jim (' ... if he was a gale, then she was a blown leaf'), Berridge displays an unerring ability for delicately distilling character into a single sentence.

In 'Time Lost', the best of these excellent tales, Aunt Tazie (somewhat reminiscent of Stevie Smith's 'Lion Aunt') delays *her* reading of long/deep Proust as a final *bonne-bouche* for her death-bed and, meantime, recaptures her own *temps perdu:*

> [Your mother] wasn't an imaginative girl. She used to get so cross because I used to sleepwalk. Nobody believed me, they thought I was pretending, to make myself more interesting. Because I was the plain one, you see, and older than your mother. Oh, deary me, wasn't I jealous of her fine fair hair! ... I got landed with a discard of hers, too. A young man. Your uncle Bertram — I accepted him on the principle of 'take the cake you least enjoy, it's more polite'!

One knows more about the complexities of dear Aunt Tazie from that one restrained

THIS WEEK

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paragraph than one ever gathers about the busy protagonist of *The Education of Don Juan,* even though the intimacies of his inner workings, from tonsils to testicles, are the object of unsparing scrutiny.

The novel, of course, is a reworking of the legend of that tiresome Spanish profligate already over-celebrated by Mozart, Molière, Corneille, Byron, Balzac and Shaw. Robin Hardy's chosen *genre* is one which includes Doctorow's *Ragtime,* Farrell's *The Siege of Krishnapur* and, most relevantly, John Berger's *G* — the ostensibly historical novel boasting some actual characters in its crowd scenes (here they are Nancy Cunard, Gide and Cocteau, Scott and Zelda, etc) while displaying sensibilities which are essentially modern.

Hardy's setting is Europe between the wars. Don Juan makes his way through arty Paris, a British public school, the Spanish Civil War and the French Resistance, with the perpetual sexual handicap of an insatiable 'throbbing between the thighs' which, like a migraine, prevents him from concentrating on more important if less gratifying matters. Condemned to drift through Europe like some open-Flying Dutchman, Don Juan seeks out *any* lady's 'soft purse', undoes its 'coral latch' and there 'feeds among the lilies'. A lot of fairly enervating 'great heaving splashing spasms' ensue. His life is too much of a repetitive sexual treadmill to be of much interest, except to small boys.

The opening chapter, however, in which Don Juan, the son of one of seven Moroccan rapists, is conceived, is more impressive — both erotic and evocative. It is only when Don Juan loses his virginity that Hardy loses his sense of the ridiculous and his writing becomes indulgent and dull. The novel leaves Don Juan and his aching thighs en route for America and 'the New Woman'. One wishes him more luck with his conquests than that enjoyed by the heroes of two new novels set in America, Charles Bukowski's *Post Office* and Emyr Humphreys's *The Anchor Tree.*

Bukowski (and his look-alike, talk-alike, live-alike hero, Hank Chinaski) is a chauvinist bull-shit artist of the Henry Miller school who suffers from the same genital migraine which made life such a drudge for Don Juan. His *Post Office* is simply a reminiscence of his days as a carrier and then a clerk with the LA postal department and of the fast horses, women and drinks which kept him amused out of working hours. The 'novel' stretches the imagination but not the intellect. For all its he-man posturing and its inconsequentiality, however, it has energy, some humour and an irresistible pace.

Professor Morgan Reece Dale, the narrator in Emyr Humphreys's *The Anchor Tree,* has a dull ache, too, but his problems are cerebral rather than genital. Newly separated from his bouncy wife and marooned as a visiting Welsh academic at a small Pennsylvanian college, the Prof becomes increasingly 'absorbed in his private muddle of misery'. He is immersed in his researches into Cambria Nova (Bootlick, to the locals), a City of Peace and Love which flourished and foundered in the early 19th century, and infatuated with teenager Judith Norrcop. Both preoccupations wither, naturally, and the Prof is left alone, a wiser and better man with migraine.

This is familiar territory for Humphreys in what he described nearly 30 years ago as 'the Protestant novel', the novel with self-denying and reflective characters and a deep respect for the past. What is missing, however, is Humphreys's usual precise sense of location. His sentiments seem misplaced in America, irredeemably bloodless and Anglo-Saxon/Celtic.

Tribal Chieftains, a second novel from the Australian, Barrie Hughes, investigates the brutality of an oil prospecting camp in Zululand. There are some good short stories hidden here but at its present novel length the plot appears concocted and the politicising is obtrusive.

Constantine Fitzgibbon's *The Rat Report* would also have made a good short story in more disciplined hands. Crocus, a precocious rat, is transmitting high-pitched screeches to Another Planet. Dr Burke, a parapsychiatrist, cracks the rodent code and glimpses the rat's pre-cognitive vision of the world's future — anarchy, rape, war, radio-active rain ... and universal migraine!

A. N. Wilson
THE HEALING ART

"A. N. Wilson's fourth novel undoubtedly establishes him in the front rank of younger British novelists . . . a masterpiece, and I could never have enough of it."
Auberon Waugh, **Evening Standard**

"A book which I greatly enjoyed, and wish to recommend most warmly . . . a work of great skill and of unobtrusive labour, moving swiftly through a complex plot in which a cast of well-drawn characters undergo subtle, unexpected but convincing changes . . . a book of warmth and wisdom, honesty of purpose and clarity of vision." *Bernard Levin,* **Sunday Times**

"A. N. Wilson's record thus far is a highly impressive one and his subsequent novels more than confirm the talent and promise shown in *The Sweets of Pimlico. The Healing Art* . . . remains a stimulating and thoughtful book." *William Boyd,* **Times Literary Supplement**

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Secker & Warburg

Nicholas Shrimpton

Seaside Judge

A Last Resort by JULIAN RATHBONE *Michael Joseph* £5.95
The Girl Green As Elderflower by RANDOLPH STOW *Secker* £5.50

Which came first, the project or the grant? The advent of the Regional Arts Associations has breathed new life into many an old conundrum, this chief among them. *A Last Resort,* the preface tells us, was written when Julian Rathbone was the recipient of a Southern Arts Bursary and he has done his best to represent his patrons' territory. The setting, as the punning title suggests, is a Sussex seaside town. And the fictitious name of Brinshore is not there merely to protect the guilty. With his usual, lively sense of literary precedent, Rathbone has developed a detail from an earlier South Coast novel. In Jane Austen's fragmentary *Sanditon* Brinshore was the insalubrious rival to the village somewhere 'between Hastings & E. Bourne' which Mr Parker was attempting to develop.

The rate-payers of Southern England may feel that he has done them justice in rather the sense in which Judge Jeffreys understood the term. Twentieth-century Brinshore is a piece of maritime suburbia, blasted by a fatal combination of unimaginative developers and venal bureaucrats. The prevalent ethic, captured in a series of wickedly accurate saloon-bar conversations, is a philistine materialism. Saturday's joyless wife-swapping gives way to the meaningless rituals of an irreligious Sunday. The working week, whether spent in boardroom or workshop, is a sequence of cynical fiddles. As an image of contemporary Britain the novel communicates something not much short of despair.

Against this bilious picture of our life and times are set two very different strands of protest. One is a shadowy Marxism. The other, oddly, is a highly conservative Leavisite aestheticism. Dickens's *Little Dorrit* is repeatedly celebrated as a touchstone of spiritual values, to such an extent indeed that even the Barnacles of the Circumlocution Office become retrospectively admirable. Julian Rathbone's sense of place is marvellously sharp. But on this occasion he has allowed it to overwhelm both his characteristic grasp of plot and a necessary clarity of argument.

Randolph Stow's *The Girl Green As Elderflower* has also had some Arts Council assistance, and similarly rests upon a powerful evocation of a particular locality. In this case, however, the thematic purpose remains clear. His previous novel, *Visitants,* was about the nervous breakdown of a colonial official in Papua. *The Girl Green As Elderflower* describes the recovery of a former colonial official from Papua, in a village in rural Suffolk. In both cases local superstitions are used as a way of discussing mental illness. In *Visitants* we had a mixture of the cargo cult and the flying saucer. Now we have the Sprite of Dagworth, the Wild Man of Orford and the Green Children of Woolpit. By writing about these traditional phenomena the hero slowly comes to terms with the demons in his own

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psyche. The danger of a descent into whimsy is averted by Stow's willingness to mock the recent fashion for the supernatural, and even the most sceptical reader will enjoy his vivid descriptive skills. Changelings and wild men and creatures from beneath the surface of the earth are used as an image of psychological disturbance. But they also have a direct and authentic strangeness which at times has about it almost the flavour of vintage M. R. James.

Ken Coates

On the Brink

The Dangers of Nuclear War edited by FRANKLYN GRIFFITHS and JOHN C. POLANYI *Toronto University* £10.50 & £4.20

Democratic Socialism and the Cost of Defence edited by Mary Kaldor, Dan Smith and Steve Vines *Croom Helm* £17.95

The Defence of the Realm in the 1980s by DAN SMITH *Croom Helm* £14.95

All that flurry over the Khyber Pass, with all those binoculars and zoom lenses puzzling out the Russians from the insurgent tribesmen for the benefit of Newsnight; and all those other heroics in Iran, as the United States' own special commando squads shunt their high-technology hardware and run, without a single Ayatollah's scalp to show for it: they make people nervous.

But the people who really know about the state of the war machines have been nervous for a long time. Lord Mountbatten, for instance, shortly before his death, delivered a passionate speech in which he warned that 'the world now stands on the brink of the final abyss.' The British press, which is an affliction not lightly to be borne, waited several months until various peace movements paid to have Mountbatten's text inserted as an advertisement before they registered what he had said. Lord Zuckerman, a contributor to the Pugwash symposium which furnishes the contents of the first of these volumes, has credentials almost as good as those of the former Chief of the Imperial General Staff; after all, he was for some time Chief Scientific Advisor to the British Government. 'How can one imagine', he asks, 'the possible elimination, not only of say half the population of the Northern hemisphere, but also the elimination of the better part of the cultural history of our globe?'

As Zuckerman rightly insists, we need education in these matters. People forget, and politicians function in the present, under such pressures as are real *now*. Fear of forthcoming nuclear war has become too feeble among these contending issues. Yet John C. Polanyi, summarising the findings of this Toronto seminar, already two years past, agrees that nuclear war will 'shred the fabric of society' rather than — as previously — severely strain it. The Pugwash men were compelled to the judgment that the dangers of nuclear war are seriously increasing, not only because there is an almighty escalation of the vertical arms race between the superpowers and their clients, but also because of so-called horizontal proliferation, as more and more new countries join the enlarging circle of nuclear-weapons-possessors.

Since 1978, when things already looked dismal, they have suddenly become quite terrifying. In those far-off times, military spending round the world ran at something over a billion dollars a day. Talk about disarmament seemed sensible, if only for economic reasons. In 1980 no-one in Government seems to care what the next war will cost, and money is no object. The non-proliferation treaty is evidently collapsing, and the SALT II agreements are in indefinite cold storage. The American MX programme, estimated to involve an expenditure of $100 billion in order to commission 200 missiles, keys into a programme set on spending a trillion dollars between 1981 and 1985.

In this context, Mary Kaldor, Steve Vines and Dan Smith sound very faint, far-off voices: wise, generous and humane, but out of their time, which has become a time for the sharpening of knives and police college courses on the rendering of human fat. Yet *Democratic Socialism and the Cost of Defence* is the report of an official Labour Party study-group, working with very careful attention to detail on the development of a feasible programme of defence cuts. It looks into the problems of conversion from military to civilian production, taking close note of the initiatives of the Lucas Aerospace Shop Stewards' Combine Committee for an alternative corporate plan. This shows how the Lucas workers could deploy their company's high technology resources in developing equipment for health and welfare services, as well as in commercial competition in marketing innovations in the transport industry. Similar programmes are sketched out by Vickers' shop stewards, showing how to convert the resources used in making Chieftain tanks to more sensible ends.

All this offers a model of how policy-making should be undertaken in the Labour Party. Evidence has been brought from ranking specialists and militant activists, and filtered by a most intelligent working group. But it has also been given a bite which enables it to make itself understood. All that it needs is a political instrument capable of realising it.

But when we put the work down, we are compelled to recall that the Labour Government remained completely deaf to all its reasoning, and even commissioned a billion-pound renewal of the Polaris programme (in secret, by a decision in cabal from which all but four members of the Cabinet were excluded), in flat contradiction to its 1974 Election Manifestos. Can it be seriously doubted that these apostasies helped to permit the barbarian administration of 1979 to come to office?

It says a great deal for Dan Smith's major work on Defence Policy that it remains more, not less, relevant now that Britain's defence policy is in the hands of the Conservatives. Dan Smith is an encyclopaedist, who can outpoint military strategists in their own field, and to whom the opaque initials of nuclear jargon, from MEASLs through to MUREFAAMCE, are completely transparent. In short, he is a very rare bird: a peacemonger who knows all about the practice of war. One is reminded of Noel Baker, whose earlier work on the arms trade was published by the Left Book Club before the war. Dan Smith is not so lucky: his burningly significant book costs, not half a crown, but a shilling short of £15.

Those who can afford to read it will discover, among the marshalled figures and facts, a series of devastating arguments. British Governments have, throughout a long crisis, been unable to match their military will with real material firepower: but they have proved completely incapable of restraining their ambitions accordingly. The result is that they have engineered an extraordinary crisis of morale in their armed forces, which is unlikely to be resolved even with substantial increases in spending.

Dan Smith concludes his study by offering a hard-headed evaluation of Britain's relationship with the Atlantic alliance. These pages should be read by everyone who seeks a way out of the present impasse, which might very easily kill us all. There would, I think, have been a further chapter on this theme, had the debate on the proposal for a European Nuclear-Free Zone taken off a few months earlier. We shall await the working out of Dan Smith's thoughts on this theme with keen anticipation.

Randolph Stow

THE GIRL GREEN AS ELDERFLOWER

"Mr Stow has a deceptively delicate imagination which has produced a book of steely strength."
Bernard Levin, **Sunday Times**

". . . lucidly written in a prose that is sometimes incandescent with wonder . . . it is the work of a man who is possessed of a most unusual imagination . . . A magical tale by a novelist who has more than fulfilled his early promise." *Martin Seymour-Smith,* **Financial Times**

". . . a book full of beautiful sentences . . . intensely personal and celebratory." *Jacky Gillott,* **The Times**

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Adrianne Blue

Conspiring with the Enemy

The Bleeding Heart by MARILYN FRENCH
Deutsch £6.50

Horrible things happened to Anna Karenina who took up with Vronsky after meeting him on the Moscow-St Petersburg express. Vronsky suffered, of course, but eventually he caught another train to another war. Well, times change.

Marilyn French's lovers — she, a hard-boiled professor of Renaissance literature, he, a sensitive corporation executive — experience fierce pangs of the flesh on the London-Oxford run. Both are Americans, of a certain age; both are spending the year alone in England. During the journey, neither utters a word; even their glances are covert. But as the trains pulls into the station, Victor Morrissey, a man in a tweed jacket, puts his arms around Dr Dolores Durer, a woman who smokes cigars. Instead of responding with a swift. sharp heel to the delicate flesh of his in-step (her position is poor for aiming a kick at his groin), she takes him home to a cup of tea, and bed. There 'everything' is rather vague, but it is 'shot with gold'.

Their year-long affair becomes the vehicle for French's exegesis of the war between the sexes, particularly as it is waged on suburban marital grounds. The book is structured as a series of emotional, philosophical dialogues — lovers' heart-to-hearts of a high order. It is an interesting permutation of a high schlock genre — feminist in-and-out-of academe; an improvement on Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* and on French's first bestselling novel *The Woman's Room*.

Dolores is a ruthless, stentorian Socrates. Through her questioning, Victor comes to see that he has always been a cruel agent of the patriarchy. 'Only an equal and opposite power can keep human beings honest,' he says. But even after much emotional blood-letting, he fails to see that there is a humane region — which transcends power relations. Like all men of his generation, Victor, a man of intelligence and good will, is one of the 'emotional zombies', hopeless, doomed to remain a soldier in the occupying army, a 'Nazi'. That this makes Dolores a collaborator is faced, but fleetingly. Having lived the examined life, she is allowed more faults than he is. She hides behind an abrasive carapace, a defensive manner far less humane than the standard she would impose on him.

Dolores's is the bleeding heart of the title. Her estranged husband killed himself in the family garage, ensuring that their daughter Elspeth would find the body. 'Well, I just want to tell you you can't kill *me* the way you killed Daddy.' Elspeth became a problem child: drugs, promiscuity, truancy. Dolores just couldn't make things right:

> 'I can have you institutionalized, Elspeth. It doesn't have to be for drugs. But I won't do that. It's terrible, and I won't do it,' [Dolores said] . . . 'What I am going to do is resign, Elspeth, I quit. I am not going to be *mother* anymore.'

Checkmated, Elspeth, like her father, committed suicide.

Somehow, though, Dolores is less guilty than Victor, whose wife drove her car into a wall as an expression of her hatred of him,

after she found out he had been unfaithful. Now she is a cripple in a wheelchair. Their marriage — any marriage, French would say — had made her an emotional cripple anyway. Victor told his children, 'We quarrelled because we live together and living together is hard'.

That sentence conveys an important message of the book. Living well is not the best revenge; it is the last refuge, and it seems not to entail not living together. At the end of the novel, Victor offers to leave his wife: 'I know you insist on keeping a place of your own. I won't try to move in with you,' he says. But — 'We can be together as much as we're apart.' It is an ironic twist to the happy ending of most cheap romance; even more ironic, she refuses him: 'He would be unhappy until he had another woman in a wheelchair.'

As French shrinks from considering sexual alternatives other than conspiring with the enemy, there doesn't seem much to do after all

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but to throw oneself under the wheels of a train. *The Bleeding Heart* has grievous faults. But no critic would ever point to the excesses of Mailer's protagonist in, say, *The American Dream* as evidence of the narcissism (or hysteria) *inherent* in machismo. Nor is a failure by Osborne or either Amis considered a sign of the sickening unto death of the patriarchy. So, this is a flawed feminist novel. But feminism still rules, OK?

Judy Cooke

Into the Oven

Kindergarten by P. S. RUSHFORTH *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95

'Our children are good and decent little people and behave very well. You will not regret taking them into your school.' 'My husband is imprisoned since 10th November . . . I have not told my children and beg you not to tell them, because they will be so frightened.' 'In spite of everything I still believe that people are good at heart.'

The last voice is that of Anne Frank; the others speak from the pages of *Kindergarten,* an original and compelling first novel by P.S. Rushforth, the winner of this year's Hawthornden Prize. The book explores areas which lie, for the most part, beyond our imagination; it carries the reader back towards Hitler's Germany and the heart of 'that dark, pathless forest'. This is accomplished with fine moral judgment and narrative skill. Rushforth recreates that inconceivable past and relates it to our constant experience of loss and grief.

The central character is 16-year-old Corrie, the eldest of three brothers whose mother has been murdered; she was the victim of random violence, gunned down in a terrorist attack on Rome airport. The tragedy happened in April, now it is December, the boys' father is abroad and they are at home with their grandmother. They may not survive emotionally; we sense this in the over-bright schoolboy jokes, the intensity of family affection. The television keeps them up to date with the latest atrocity, the seige at a German school where the terrorist organisation now holds children hostage and a middle-aged teacher sprawls dead, broken spectacles beside her on the path.

In these circumstances they prepare for Christmas, a time of 'magical revelation', since this is their German heritage. The fir-tree breathes light; the decorated house is spellbound, described in vivid detail that borders on the hallucinatory. Corrie learns more about his grandmother, Lilli Danielsohn, a distinguished artist in pre-war Berlin, whose paintings were destroyed because she was Jewish. She shows him the work she managed to preserve, exquisite illustrations to *Grimm's Fairy Tales* which are full of foreboding. Corrie's mind is overtaken by the stories; he revises them to suit his own acute sense of horror. In his version of *Hansel and Gretel* the witch is victorious. 'Hansel stood for a moment and saw his sister's hair lying on the kitchen floor and her neatly folded clothes. Then, without a word, he bent over and climbed into the oven.'

Interwoven with these narratives are the anguished letters which Corrie finds in the school records from 1933 to 1939. (He is the son of the present headmaster.) Jewish parents plead that their children be given sanctuary; the children themselves timidly state their case. 'We will be diligent . . . we will be good boys.' The author has taken a risk by the incorporation of such material and it comes off. We are made to share the plight of those parents who had to plan and struggle and act, knowing that their cause was desperate, refusing to consider that it might be hopeless. The Goetzels, the Jacobys, the Grunbaums, the Mittlers: they are given back their names, at least, and before they join the long line of men and women taken eastward through the snow they pour out their fears, their gratitude, their anxious love.

At this point Rushforth returns to the plight of the motherless boys and is tempted to ameliorate their suffering. He presents their grandmother, the artist, as a redeemer, a role that the character cannot sustain. Lilli opens the door on a roomful of paintings, her 'magical revelation', done with all the vision of her early days. She has recaptured her lost talent and, in a series of brilliant portraits, recovered the family dead. The writing loses some of its pace here but, on the last page, energy returns. We are given the story of 'The Wilful Child', a girl who is so naughty that 'God could find no pleasure in her'. She becomes ill, dies and is buried but her arm pushes itself through the earth in defiance.

> Whatever they tried to do, the arm rose up and out of the grave. Then the mother had to go to the grave, and strike at the arms with a stick. When she had done that, the arm was drawn in, and then . . . the child was at peace.

Michael Hofmann

Federal Republic: an Advertisement

It is winter, but the sun is shining liberally
and the two young people have got something
to laugh about: they have successfully
withstood
the torture of choice. Smiles shape their lips.
They are dazzled by each other's teeth, but
that is not the point. Nor is their clothing:
chunky knitwear in traffic-light colours.
She is charmingly out of breath, dangling
from
her shoulder the razor-blade of an ice-skate.
He has been watching her pirouette, and now
lights a cigarette on the way back to the hotel.
It is his first careless action of the day,
and he regrets it almost immediately.
She looks at the brand-name, and then luckily
decides she doesn't mind too much. . . Where
else
would weakness be a virtue, but in Germany?

Among this week's contributors:

DAN CRUIKSHANK is author of *London: The Art of Georgian Building.*

JOHN BAYLEY's publications include *Tolstoy and the Novel* and *Pushkin: A Comparative Commentary.*

KEN COATES will in July publish with Tony Topham a study of British Trade Unions.

CHARLES LEWSEN is editing Edward Lear's Nonsense with Vivien Noakes.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Charles Lewsen

Auto-Destruct of the Emperor Jones

I don't know whether the Controller of BBC Radio took an unprecedented step when he commissioned the playwright Bruce Stewart to fly to San Francisco shortly after the mass suicide of the charismatic Jim Jones and his People's Temple Community in November 1978. For a medium in which payment to writers is modest, it was an act of faith, based on the supposition that the collective self-destruction of a group that included university graduates as well as poor blacks, warranted interpretation by artists as well as by journalists.

Mr Stewart's play, *Now and at the Hour of our Birth*, had its first hearing on the 16th of this month, and will be repeated on Sunday the 22nd at 2.30 (Radio Four). It tells the story consecutively, from Jones's first days of ministry in Indianapolis, via his removal to Redwood Valley, California, and the period of his political influence in San Francisco, to the crazed exodus to Guyana and his death by gunshot while his followers drank coolade and cyanide. All this is done very clearly, the focus being divided equally — too equally perhaps — between Jones, his wife Marceline, representative followers of various classes and ethnic groups, and Congressman Ryan, whose pursuit of Jones to Guyana, and fatal shooting when he threatened to expose what he had discovered, led to the mass deaths. The play emanates scrupulous respect for the facts, the dramatisation carrying the ring of cautious and responsible speculation.

That caution is modified in those episodes where Jones is visited in dreams by his predecessor in the evangelical business, Sweet Daddy Grace, or by a spectre of V.I. Lenin to whose garbled expressions of political faith Jones lends the sort of willing but uncomprehending ear with which he so successfully exploited among his followers. As the end approaches, Jones hears the wings of the Angel of Death; here, calling to his aid Revivalist hymns sung by Annie Ross, Mr Stewart goes beyond mere speculation, establishing an imaginative bond with his subject.

But this poetic act of empathy comes too late to undo problems created earlier. In Martin Jenkins's production, Helen Horton gives robust humanity to her reading of Marceline; but, dealing with each issue neatly and in order, the text fails to create a thread to bind the Marceline who connives with Jim in the bogus cure of cancer (by palming chicken livers) and the Marceline who taunts him with his need to be reassured of his sexual prowess, yet does not have the guts or ingenuity to extricate herself and her children from an end which — if not in all its ghastly detail — she can clearly foresee. That is partly because the Jones that Lee Montague is required to play is, throughout, a hick, seldom far from hysteria — much emphasis being placed on his need for drugs and the sexual domination of his followers, female and male.

In a documentary broadcast shortly after his death, I heard Jones's public voice (in a speech given, ironically, on the Golden Gate Bridge, in a campaign to combat suicide). That voice, contrary to my presuppositions about the man's paranoid megalomania, sounded cultivated, thoughtful, unhysterically modulated, modestly decent. Mr Stewart's text tells us that Jones was able to search out and exploit the emotional frailties of quite sophisticated university graduates, but he does not give Mr Montague the means to demonstrate this power with conviction. It is as though a portrait of Hitler, intended to illuminate his period of power, portrayed only the wretch of the bunker.

To dramatise a phenomenon as banal in some respects as it was extraordinary in others, perhaps required defaming the dead beyond suggesting that Jones, a man in holy orders, sexually brutalised a young man whom he had already burdened with medical responsibilities beyond his competence; perhaps it required that a monster be exalted and magnified so that he appeared, in himself and not just through the eyes of Annie Ross's shining Sharon Amos, the embodiment of divine love. But there are still followers of Jones, stunned by the death of their Father, and even feeling guilty that they did not participate in it; and perhaps it was common decency and humanity on Mr Stewart's part, not innate failure of imagination, that made him hold the paradoxes of Jonestown at arm's length.

It is our good fortune that, in approaching the medical reports of the American George Soper, Shirley Gee did not allow historical scruples to cramp the style of *Typhoid Mary*, a play that has won a number of prizes and is published in *Best Radio Plays of 1979* (Eyre Methuen/BBC £6.95), a volume which represents the judges' choice of the best plays in six categories broadcast by the BBC. Barrie Keefe's agreeable and inventive shaggy dog story, *Heaven Scent,* from the 'Just Before Midnight' series of 15-minute plays, and John Kirkmorris's sketch of camp theatrical grandeur, *Coxcomb,* from the 'Thirty-Minute Theatre' series, are published alongside a piece by Olwen Wymark, *The Child,* which unsensationally explores forms of love and tyrannising, and modes of personality arrest, with the power of genuine revelation.

Seizing the notion that the fever-carrier known to a fearful populace as Typhoid Mary was the cockles and mussels girl, Molly Malone, transported from Dublin to a better life in the United States, Mrs Gee transforms George Soper's laconic medical notes into a full-blown character, of less variety, but of not less vividness, than Mother Courage — though in David Spenser's production, Margaret Whiting seemed to have that analogy unfortunately in mind. Her tendency towards over-rhetorical shouting was not always supported emotionally, so that she faded her own voice when she should have allowed the sound technician to modulate a sustained yell of indignation at Soper's accusation of ill health. Still, there was vividness and joy in her telling of the progress from one stately American home to another, preparing

> every kind of feathered edible . . . A long, long way from torn sheets cracking out over a wet hillside, and a bit of a pig at the back, and hauling that stinking barrow down streets just about wide enough for two sparrows to walk abreast.

And it's a pleasure to be able to recapture in print moments that depart inexorably in performance — in particular those moments of awe when, having prided herself on being sound as a bell all her life, Mary embraces the specialness of containing within her gall bladder a destructive force that, confronted with a microscope, she recognises as 'beautiful. Like a flower'.

Anyone who heard Jane Morgan's production of John Peacock's *Attard in Retirement* (Saturday Night Theatre) will hear behind the lines of 'Alice' the voice of Patricia Hayes. With or without Miss Hayes's canny, whining truculence, the text shows that when the writer creates a genuine character, the figure of the amateur detective can continue to take the thriller in new directions; while reading should, if anything, enhance understanding of Carey Harrison's *I Never Killed My German*, a melancholy comedy bordering on farce, which explores the impact of a hitch-hiking German Bishop on the reclusive eccentric with whose daughter he has fallen in love. Like the Wymark and Gee plays, it makes an instant impact, but invites further acquaintance. Creating events neither more nor less remarkable than those at Jonestown, the authors balance astonishment and the need to understand, holding in check the impulse to explain. It is good that they should live on in print.

Havel in Prison

KATY HOUNSELL-ROBERT previews a special performance to honour the imprisoned Czech playwright.

On Sunday 29 June, the Writers' Guild is presenting a special charity afternoon entertainment to draw attention to the cruel and unjust imprisonment in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia, of the playwright Vaclav Havel.

Havel began working in the Czech theatre 15 years after the Communist regime came to power in 1948. After the Soviet invasion in 1968 his plays were banned. When Havel protested against the restrictions on free speech his passport was withdrawn, his royalties from foreign productions blocked, and he was obliged to take up manual work in a brewery.

In 1975 he wrote an open letter to First Secretary Husak:

> Society can be enriched and cultivated only through self knowledge, and the main instrument of society's self knowledge is its culture. Where total control over society is sought, the first thing to be suppressed is its culture.

In 1976 he was ousted from his home on a trumped-up pretext; a year later he became the spokesman for the Charter 77, human rights and freedom of speech movement. He was arrested and jailed for four months on a charge

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of subversion. After his release he was again charged with 'damaging the name of the state abroad' and received a suspended sentence of 14 months.

As his plays were banned in public, Havel wrote during this period several one-act plays with small casts which could be performed in private homes, each play featuring a character called Vanek (Havel himself). In 1979 Havel, together with nine fellow-members of VONS, a group working for the protection of democratic rights, was convicted of subversion and is now serving a four-and-a-half year sentence.

The programme at the ICA will consist of the National Theatre Platform production of Havel's most recent one-act play, *Protest,* with Robin Bailey and John Normington, directed by Michael Kustow; a reading by Harold Pinter from Havel's letter to Dr Gustav Husak; and readings (directed by Bruce Stewart) from the 1979 trial given by John Antrobus, John Bowen, Richard Carpenter, Eva Figes, Jack Gratus, Elizabeth Jane Howard, David Mercer, Rosemary Anne Sisson and Hugh Whitemore. The ICA theatre and the services of all participants have been donated as a gesture of support for this unfortunate writer.

Havel's work has already attracted considerable interest in Britain. At the Orange Tree, Richmond, Sam Walters presented five of the plays and a documentary on Czech history. Michael Kustow directed two platform productions at the National Theatre. On BBC radio Bernard Krichefski and Liane Aukin produced two plays while Innes Lloyd produced two on BBC television. Havel's plays have been published by both Penguin and Methuen.

Havel looks on life with humour and compassion and repeatedly delivers the message that people create negative situations by their greed, apathy and fear. He is a good, patriotic man who has remained true to his own vision and integrity. As a result he has been physically removed from society by a regime notable for its relentless intolerance. We owe Havel our moral support.

HAVEL AFTERNOON at the ICA, The Mall, SW1. Box office 930 3647. Sunday 29 June at 2.30 pm. Tickets £2 (35p day membership). All proceeds donated to Havel's family. Outside contributions of any size welcome. Any further information from the organiser, Katy Hounsell-Robert, Esher (78) 65632.

Massacre of the Musicians

PHILIP SCHLESINGER discusses the Musicians' Union strike and the gradual demise of the BBC as a patron of the arts.

THE MUSICIANS' UNION strike at the BBC is now three weeks old, and an early settlement of the dispute seems unlikely. The MU's action was sparked off by the BBC's decision to axe five of its eleven house orchestras by the end of August. Those affected are the Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Northern Ireland Orchestra, the Northern and Midland Radio Orchestras, and the London Studio Players. In all, 172 posts will be lost — one third of the musical employment offered by the BBC.

This massacre of the musicians is part of a wider package of cuts. Last February, the BBC's Director-General, Ian Trethowan, announced that the Corporation was looking for 'economies' of £130 million. These were to be achieved by axeing the popular Radio 2 series, *Waggoner's Walk,* the earlier closing down of Radio 3, contraction of regional television, cuts in schools broadcasting, and reduced funds for local radio. The BBC may also lose 1,500 posts. So far, however, 158 musicians are the first to be made redundant.

BBC management, which is seeking the casualisation of its musical labour force, prefers to say it is looking for 'greater flexibility' in the employment of musicians. Aubrey Singer, Managing Director of BBC Radio, told me that the Corporation's light music output was 'bedevilled by fixed orchestral groupings'. By sacking musicians, the BBC hopes to save £1.5 million. Of this, £1 million is to be spent on hiring free-lance players, with a net saving of £500,000.

The MU, the BBC, and the record companies' licensing body, Phonographic Performances Ltd., have an agreement concerning the amount of 'needle-time' the Corporation may use. The limits thus placed upon the use of recorded music are designed to ensure the broadcasting of live music. If the BBC reduces expenditure on musical employment by over £240,000 this entails a concomitant reduction in needle-time. John Morton, the MU's General Secretary, argues that the BBC, by cutting £½ million from its live music budget, is now in breach of its agreement. This is denied by Mr Singer.

The BBC says the MU is unconstructive, and, in response to widespread criticism of its present music policy, emphasises its own efforts to try and offset the loss of permanent employment by the sacked musicians. In Northern Ireland, the Corporation has begun discussions with the local Arts Council and Gallaher's Tobacco aimed at creating a symphony orchestra by 1981 through an expansion of the Ulster Orchestra. Ex-BBC musicians are hoped to take up some of the posts. In Scotland, where the axeing of the Scottish Symphony Orchestra caused a furore, Stirling University has offered its facilities after discussions with the BBC.

The MU sees little virtue in such palliatives, and evidently wants a return to the *status quo* before reopening negotiations. BBC management are regarded as unimaginative butchers without policies for light orchestral and big band music. The MU, it must be said, has itself so far offered no thought-out alternative. Musicians in the BBC fear the eventual disbandment of all the house orchestras. These anxieties are pooh-poohed by Aubrey Singer (currently vilified as the 'Dr Beeching of Radio') who denies that more orchestras are for the chop. However, even the firmest intentions must be doubted, given that the present cuts assume inflation at 16 per cent this year, and at 12 the next. As it is now 20 per cent, future cuts are inevitable.

THE STRIKE has, so far, enjoyed substantial support, which, given the fragmented nature of the music profession, is noteworthy enough. Since Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen sounded the last live notes on 1 June, distinguished figures such as Jack Brymer and Anthony Hopkins have refused to introduce music programmes, Paul McCartney has declined an interview, and concerts throughout Britain have been cancelled. The BBC has been condemned by the International Federation of Musicians. The MU has drawn an invidious comparison between the BBC and West Germany's federal broadcasting service, which employs almost twice as many musicians.

With moral support coming from the TUC, Equity, ACTT, and the Writers' Guild, the most significant source of practical support has been the sympathetic action of the Association of Broadcasting Staffs. Tony Banks, ABS Assistant General Secretary, said his union would not record or transmit any live music, nor would it put out repeats of music programmes originated on the radio networks. Added help has come from some members of the T&GWU who have refused to cross the MU picket lines presently manned at all major broadcasting centres. But this has caused little serious disruption. Undoubtedly, the MU would like to see the other broadcasting unions refuse to cross its picket lines. That seems most unlikely.

How long can the MU hold out? In the short term its membership is solidly behind it, although difficulties may be expected as hardship mounts. In the longer term, it faces the problem of making a public impact. The BBC can resort to increased needle-time on radio, for although this is limited to 127 hours of records a week, that is an average figure. Hence, the BBC can beef up its use of records for a few months, thereby postponing the awkward silences. But the television audience may start to get restive if programmes such as *Top of the Pops, Saturday Night at the Mill* and *The Old Grey Whistle Test* continue to suffer disruption. One immediate source of pressure on the BBC is the scheduled start of the Proms on 18 July. The Corporation stands to lose around £200,000 in broken contracts, as well as considerable prestige, if this popular event is not mounted. As the deadline approaches, it would be surprising if talks were not to recommence.

The BBC is hamstrung by its inadequate licence fee. At £34 a year for a colour TV receiver, it is the cheapest in Europe for a service unsubsidised by advertising. The BBC argues that to sustain four radio networks, local radio, and two television channels, it needs a £40 fee. However, since inflationary pressures began to grow severe in the 1960s, both Labour and Tory governments have been

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reluctant to provide the BBC with adequate finance. Licence fee increases are seen as vote losers, and, of course, the political leverage afforded by the Corporation's economic uncertainty is attractive to politicians.

THE CORPORATION'S retreat from musical patronage is symptomatic of how economic exigencies have forced upon it a redefined cultural role. For its Director-General, Ian Trethowan, the 'essence' of public service now lies in the television service being able to match the IBA, 'a richer competitor who in two years' time will have a second, national channel'. The strategy for the 1980s envisages a BBC biased towards London, television, and the delivery of mass audiences — a strategy financially dependent to a significant extent on pay-TV and the burgeoning video-cassette market.

How could such a narrowing of horizons have failed to affect the BBC's view of its musical role? Only three years ago, the Annan committee on broadcasting eulogised the BBC for having 'transformed Britain from a *Land ohne Musik* to a great centre of music making'. Last week, interviews with senior managerial figures elicited less high-flown sentiments. Stephen Hearst, head of the BBC's think-tank, said regretfully: 'It is not our primary function to be a patron. Our primary function is to broadcast.' And Aubrey Singer observed: 'The time has passed when the BBC can solely underpin the musical culture of this country.' It seems clear the present changes are irreversible.

A further deterioration in public service broadcasting can be averted only if the BBC's finances are secured. Until the licence fee is replaced with some other means of raising revenue it must plainly be increased in line with the rate of inflation. The ABS and NUJ have recently launched a public campaign to make this point under the slogan 'Save your BBC!' and some BBC policy-makers seem at last to have recognised the need to 'go public' if their institution is to survive as the premier instrument of British broadcasting. Have they waited too long?

Television

Julian Barnes

Chests Out

We are currently in one of television's marvellous midsummer lulls, when the ubiquity of repeats and appalling old movies (the weekend had Tony Curtis as a 14th-century knight *and* James Coburn as a Harvard professor) means that utterly guiltless watching of large quantities of sport can take place. The First Test melts gently into the European Football Championships; the soccer elides with Wimbledon; the tennis overlaps with the Second Test; golf fills up any momentary interstice; and so, gloriously, on. The only dark side to it is that in all these events the British either get soundly thrashed or, at best, display their pluck and fitness for a heartening while before being creamed by essentially more talented foreigners. Miss Wade; Botham's Boyos; Keegan's Kloggers: the psychological pattern — and the viewer's quasi-masochistic involvement — are getting their annual run.

The England v Italy match (ITV) was a case in point. Our team was really *quite* good (Wilkins, Watson and Shilton were definitely up to international standard), and their temperament impressive; Brian Moore noted gamely, 'The English players singing the National Anthem — that was a conscious decision they took before the match — to stick their chest out and be proud'. They were proud, or proudish; and they took all the hacks, swipes, pushes, niggles, gobbings and shirt-wrestling of Machiavelli's countrymen like a team determined to make some amends for the earlier behaviour of its supporters. But they proved neither as cynical in defence as the Italians (Neal could/should have hauled down Graziani before he crossed for the Italian goal) nor as incisive in attack: our forwards invariably receive the ball while facing the wrong way, which doesn't help, while the basic ability to beat a man, and to play the less obvious ball into the penalty area, are sadly missing.

Patriotism, of course, took the commentary team its usual quaint distance away from reality, not least when we were assured by Moore and Ron Atkinson (a poor man's Jackie Charlton) that Keegan was pulling Tardelli all over the park — as if this were a useful thing to do. This was, of course, just what the Italians wanted: 'pulling him around' means 'running with him away from the area in which you yourself are likely to be most effective'. And so it proved: at the kill, it was Tardelli the 'defender', not Keegan the 'attacker', who scored the only goal.

Faced with the unquestioned supremacy of sport, even normally reliable programmes nod off. *The Book Programme* (BBC-2) ended its run with a narcoleptic number about literary magazines, which presumably had people all round the country cancelling their subscriptions; while *World in Action* (Granada) botched a tritish but not unpromising idea of resuscitating their group of Common Market guinea pigs (plus George Brown and Clive Jenkins) who in a similar programme five years ago had open-mindedly weighed the pros and cons of the EEC. Not much emerged apart from a gradually gathering xenodoubt — 'We play by the rules, the rest of the Common Market don't,' observed one guinea pig, doubtless with Italy's back four still in mind.

George Brown was as blusteringly wrapped in his own psychohistory as he was five years ago, and Clive Jenkins as hysterically interruptive. At one point Brown referred sentimentally to 'my trade union colleagues', whereupon Jenkins began a long wrangle about whether he had the right to call himself a trade unionist, and if so, whether he had any colleagues: 'You're just a *Daily Express* hack nowadays,' came the final Welsh sneer. 'Don't cut that remark out,' shouted Brown at the camera, as if he thought he'd just proved his point. It was rather as if someone claimed to have won an argument about proportional representation because his opponent called him a child molester.

Brass Tacks (BBC-2) fell back on that old favourite Does Astrology Work, and linked Brenda, a thirtyish educational guidance counsellor, with five of her 'time twins' in the foyer of a Birmingham hotel. Several discovered that an American astrologer's description of Brenda's character also fitted them surprisingly well. But was it that surprising? Most people like to believe, if unconsciously, that they contain within them all the nice human characteristics that are available. Do you have a desire to succeed? Are you a caring person? Do you occasionally retreat into yourself? Of course everyone says, That's Me, since all astrology's psycho-categories are either laudatory, or, at least, interesting. This column might change its mind when an astrologer can get a group of five time-twins into a room, tell them 'You are a bunch of mean, lazy, avaricious, selfish, chiselling bastards,' and get them to agree. In the meantime, Banana Skin of the Week award to Charles Harvey, President of the Astrological Association, who remarked on the look-alikeness of two sharp-featured time-twins. Was he surprised by this, asked link-man Eric Robson. No, no, not at all, it was *precisely* what you might expect — 'Though obviously if the man was, er, a Negro it wouldn't, er, um, be exactly the same.' Quite.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Sex at Seventy

Travelling North by DAVID WILLIAMSON *Lyric, Hammersmith*
Educating Rita by WILLY RUSSELL *Warehouse*

If you're 20, fall in love and express it, you win the D.H. Lawrence seal of emotional approval: proval: if you're 60, and do precisely the same, it's the Jonathan Swift stamp of clammy disgust for you. As Alex Comfort has pointed out, many of us prefer to believe the elderly have no sexual drives whatever, which, of course, they do. I can remember an old people's 'home', so-called, near where I grew up that actually separated husbands and wives into single-gender dormitories on arrival; and the prejudice behind that insult, if not (one hopes) the practice itself, survives today. I have yet to hear any derisive laughter in the theatre when Hamlet presumes to inform his mother that she can't love his uncle, 'for at your age the hey-day in the blood is tame'. Gertrude should have swatted him with her bedside copy of *The Joy of Sex*. As it is, she seems to concur; and so, on the whole, do we.

David Williamson's latest is much to the point. It concerns a fiftyish widow who falls for a seventyish widower, appalling and repelling her daughters, the more noisome of whom snitches her private letters and discovers that the oldsters actually had sex at their second meeting. When they propose to leave Melbourne to live in sin in a rural love-nest up north — the Australian version, it seems, of retiring from New York to New Mexico — filial indignation and foreboding come loudly into the open. The 'old bastard' (as Frank is called) wants 'mother' (to give Frances her official name) only to get himself an unpaid skivvy for his fast-approaching senility. Not unnaturally, the old bastard's riposte is that the two young women are, bluntly, Goneril and Regan.

But the point about Goneril and Regan is that their first assessment of Lear was ab-

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solutely spot-on; and Mr Williamson, to his credit, seems well aware of this. At any rate, he resists the temptation to transform his main characters into an Antipodean Darby and Joan, serenely paddling their joint canoe into a mellow twilight. If his play suffers from sentimentality, and I'm afraid it sometimes does, it's mainly when it comes to the real folks up north: a conventional, rather boring neighbour with a diamond-studded heart, a genial, long-suffering doctor with an agreeably eccentric life-story to tell, but each of them is a supporting character only. There's much more in its handling of the protagonists to remind us that Williamson is the tough-minded author of *The Removalists* and *The Club*. Frances has been a selfish mother, and actually rejected at least one of her daughters as a child, which is perhaps why the girl has become a bitter, strident, emotionally avaricious adult, deserted by her husband and left to stew in loveless suburbia. Frank, who seems to have been no better as a spouse and parent, is now turned by heart-trouble into a grouchy valetudinarian, forever poring over medical text-books and snapping out peremptory orders. The love-nest gradually fills with thorns.

Williamson avoids the dangers of mawkishness, then, but also steers clear of excessive cynicism. Frances, fed-up, leaves her outback Lear for Goneril and Regan, only to return after a scene of contrite self-recognition over the long-distance phone. And even the heart-plucking strains of Mozart that accompany his death, which occurs not long afterwards, can't prevent us feeling that something of emotional substance and value has been painfully achieved. After a series of ups and downs comparable to those that every young couple is expected to undergo, latter-day romance has weathered into a sort of love — and why not?

Michael Blakemore's direction navigates the play's choppy, short-scene style well enough, and there are sterling performances in the main parts from Rosemary Leach and Peter Vaughan, who successfully charts the course by which adventurousness of spirit becomes mere restlessness, irritability and tin-pot tyrannising, and does so without forfeiting respect or sympathy. The acting in Mike Ockrent's production of *Educating Rita* is superior, too. I didn't know Mark Kingston's range included bleary, grizzled cynicism and offhand self-contempt, or that Julie Walters could play the lanky Liverpudlian primitive without either proving wearisome or becoming embarrassing when depths have to be suggested. But it does, and she can.

Willy Russell has tackled a tricky subject. The plot demands that Rita, an unlettered hairdresser, develops an itch for knowledge which both impresses and disturbs her boozy Open University tutor, Frank. Without an education, she will continue to fester, bored and frustrated; with it, here originality and responsiveness may end up sacrificed to the exam system. What's her teacher to do when she progresses from trite little tributes to Harold Robbins to the sort of tendentious analyses of Blake that reduce the poetry itself to academic tatters? Rita's riposte to his doubts is a vigorous denunciation of the plastic culture that is, it seems, the only alternative available to her. At least she now has the choice and the capacity to change.

Mr Russell musters his considerable powers of observation and sense of fun in order to cope with the obvious dangers, those of beoming patronising, preachy, or worse; and, on the whole, he overcomes them. The unkindest thing to be said about the play is that its characters' fates have been rather obviously predetermined by their author: he provides the rails, they spin along them. The kindest, paradoxically enough, that it brings freshness and zest to a subject of self-evident moment.

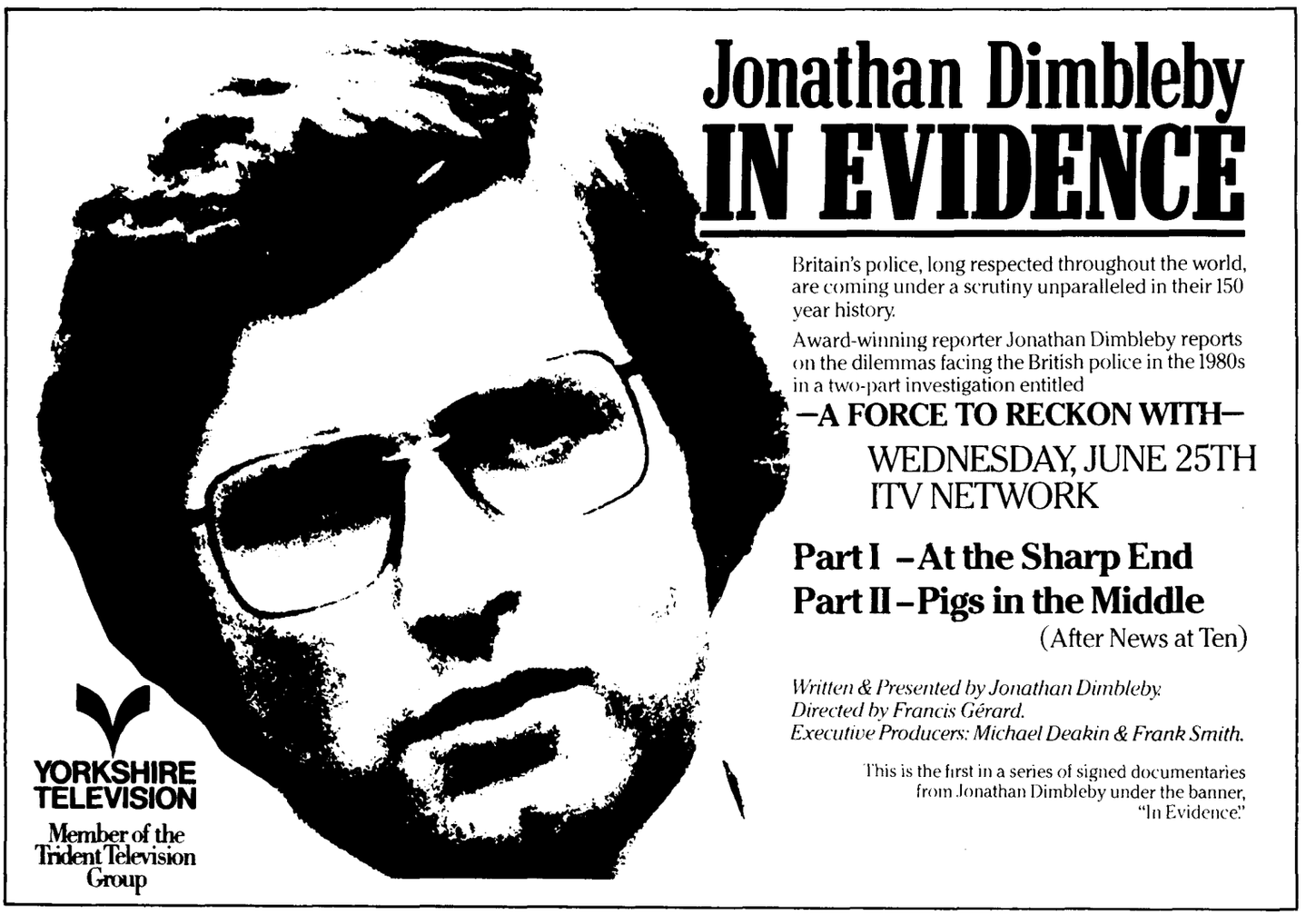
Films

John Coleman

Eva's Secret

Courage Fuyons (AA) *Curzon*
Christopher Strong (A) *and* **Amy!** *ICA*
A Touch of Zen (AA) *Gate Two*

Yves Robert and his faithful writer Jean-Loup Dabadié have never been reluctant to borrow in the cause of comedy. *Pardon Mon Affaire* was loosely based on Wilder's *The Seven Year Itch* and visually admitted as much in an opening shot of a windblown skirt. Clearly Robert's latest film, *Courage Fuyons* ('Courage — Let's Run'), is aware somewhere of Truffaut's *Tirez sur le Pianiste* and of those Hollywood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vehicles that found Danny Kaye at his most Mittyish. This time, the amiably shifty Jean Rochefort is Martin, a cowardly pharmacist damned in a bad marriage and redeemed by a super affair with mysterious Eva, the coolly beautiful Catherine Deneuve.

Early flashbacks, done newsreel-style for the most part, establish a genealogy of cravenness. During World War I, grandpa surrendered his men to a couple of bewildered Boches who had triggered a gun by mistake. At the time of the Popular Front, papa bankrupted his company by giving in, and more, to his incredulous workers' demands. World War II found little Martin and brother Frankie in camouflaged schoolwear; and *les évènements* of '68 discover him and his family madly stockpiling food, a nervously ingratiating Martin helping to wreck his own car. Enough is enough. After this dryish and excellent beginning (faintly reminiscent in tone of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*), the quaking protagonist leaves home and dreamily lands up in bed with night-club singer Eva in Amsterdam. A vestigial plot has him threatened by an ex-lover of the lady's, returning to the stony family bosom as a fake amnesiac, finally stumbling on Eva's secret and into the perfect amorous solution for the pair of them.

Rochefort continues to serve M. Robert with high address, a good-looking fellow with well-primed battery of flinches, sulks, cringes and smiles. He needs to, since his comic persona here is strictly skin deep. And, the promise of the first sequences behind us, we are left with a skimpy ragbag of Farcical Moments: such bedroom-cum-Clouseau stuff as a door nervously slammed in a breakfast waiter's face (crash), a lady's pre-coupling invitation to sort out the wrangling twosome next door (the chap is mercifully a manageable weed). Elsewhere, the best laughs come where they may, without relevance to Martin's yellow streak or to story-line. Michel Aumont's magnificently miserly brother Frankie is a desperate *trouvaille,* whether splitting a bill for coffee three ways or fluffing hopelessly as a TV announcer transferred to sports coverage, and his *speakerine* fiancée — given to animatedly enunciating even domestic dialogue head-on to camera — is a nice notion, once. But in a less sombre world one would hardly be queuing at the Curzon for a ration of jollies.

The ICA's revival of Dorothy Arzner's *Christopher Strong* (1933) is more provocative of mirth. Time has pushed this to a pinnacle of camp, though it can never have been far from the foothills in the first place. (It flopped at the box office.) Katharine Hepburn is the renowned aviator, Lady Cynthia, who — hitherto virginal — falls for a faithful husband and MP, Sir Christopher (the appalling Colin Clive, clipping every word like the stoic refugee from *Journey's End* that he was), who — with many a qualm — reciprocates. The big irony is that Sir Chris's daughter, wayward Monica (Helen Chandler), and her rakish boyfriend Harry (Ralph Forbes) have brought them together in the small hours on a party dare: object — to find a chaste lady and a true married man. To watch Mr Clive crumble is to giggle a little: before la Hepburn, stunningly apparitioned as a silvery moth with head-antennae at one blissful moment, gets to him, he favoured observations like 'Ez long ez it's *decent* fun ...'; after, he's reduced to 'This is pure foll-eh'. But to see Billie Burke as his wittering, soulful lady is absolutely to roll in the aisles. One of her entrances threatened to stop the show: 'Monica didn't ... come home ... at *all* ... last night,' she moans. Lady Cynthia finally behaves like the good (if pregnant) chep she always was, enduring flashbacks through her altimeter, plummeting to a brisk last gravestone.

Prefacing this retrieval, by some masterstroke of planning the significance of which escapes me (untrue: but was the Arzner dug up simply as support?), is a 33-minute film, *Amy!*, by Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen, makers of *Riddles of the Sphinx.* According to the ICA's brief notes, it 'reveals how the famous aviatrix (*sic*) found fame and public adoration an unbearable pressure, and discusses popular notions of the heroine, excitement through danger, and the relationship of "femininity" to heroism'.

What we predominantly get is a dull-faced actress as the remarkable Amy Johnson, looking at old letters, a photo, then burning them, then making a cup of tea, then over-making-up her face, then lipsticking a face — through which her own dolefully looks — on to a mirror. There are various voices over, a male one simply reading *Times* headlines for 1930 while the camera slowly, slowly patrols a map of the world and a plane's buzz is heard. One of the female voices, reading scraps from Bryher, Gertrude Stein and others, belongs to American dancer-turned-film maker Yvonne Rainer, to whom the ICA is also currently devoting a retrospective. The 1969 *A Touch of Zen,* reconstituted by its maker King Hu to near full-length in 1975, and surely too long now, is probably the week's best escapist entertainment.

Weekend Competition

No 2622 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

We'd like you to extend the fashion for inserting songs into TV plays by writing songs for characters in regular TV or radio series like *The Archers, Coronation Street, Starsky & Hutch, Soap,* etc. To be set to tunes from existing musicals; max. 16 lines; in by 4 July.

No 2619 **Set by B. Mooring**

Extracts from *The Observer's Book of Politicians.*

Report **By Ms de Meaner**

If, as is rather more than likely, the name of Fat Jeff is absent awhile from these columns, it has nothing to do with his natural but puny gesture towards rebellion. He is merely redoing the trainee comp reporters' course on insulting language, use of. *He* claims that 'Nancy-boys' is a perfectly acceptable descriptive term and that he should know. But *my* straw-poll supports *Longman's Dictionary of English Idiom* in finding the words *coll. derog.* Fat Jeff, as he should know, can be as *coll. derog.* as he likes about his colleagues and even, when *deserved,* about compers. But recent Complex policy has been to avoid needlessly offending whole sections of the populace.

But enough of him. For you this week nothing but praise. A small but quality entry, with an interesting unanimity about the choice of *birds* as a model. Congratulations and eight quid each to the winners. Commiserations to those for whom there wasn't room.

Many interesting varieties of Labourite (*conglomeratus)* may be seen. The Bennite *(exdominus stansgatus)* has a persistent, mellifluous call, and austere plumage; it is frequently subject to unwarranted attacks by the Medium species (*haxa nonimus).* The unusual Militant, or Common Trotter *(entryistus minor)* meets in small, uniform groups, and is recognisable by its short, tufted crest. Its foe is the bulky Centrist (*deni seali),* which sits in treetops, bellowing and flapping its right wing; older members of this variety, e.g. the Wilson *(gannex senex),* ruffle feathers so vigorously that they fall out. Some migrate — the double-breasted Royalist (*europa jenkinsi);* some fly off handles — the Skinner (*vox bolsoveri);* some nest elsewhere — the Prentice (*cuckoo calumnus);* some, like the Owen (*medico junior),* hover expertly. One formerly common strain, the Socialist (*bevani gutso),* known for its impressive foot, is seldom nowadays seen; it may be extinct.

BILL GREENWELL

Rednecked Rightwing (Dexter rubicollis): Common in the Home Counties, where large chattering groups of females may often be encountered. Body colour true blue, the female sometimes distinguished by a touch of primrose at the breast. The male, when aroused, displays prominent red wattles. The cheeks, at such times liberally suffused with blood, present the appearance of half inflated balloons, purple or crimson in colour. The usual cry of the male, thought by some ornithologists to indicate anticipation of proffered titbits, is a heavily aspirated whirr (Here! Here!). In moments of stress, when not rendered inarticulate, the male emits snorts or burbling sounds, the corresponding cry of the female being a high-pitched shriek. Egg-laying by the dominant female is accompanied by standing ovation on the part of the flock. Selective breeding has rendered the *Rightwing* strongly colour conscious, black or brown birds being shunned at all times, and frequently mobbed.

PETER PETERSON

Empee Vulgaris: A remarkably hardy breed flocking from all over the country to roost at Westminster, where a continual murmuration is set up in the House and garden. The female is exceedingly rare, with one notable exception who has seen off potential rivals. In the male colouring of the face is high and full, particularly in the older lumbering bull specimens. Here a broad range of nature's palette is on display from Red (Healeyotrope, open mottle) to Blue (Stevas cardinal purple). Stomachs are usually worn over the waistband in exterior swaging. Thorax is similar to pouter pigeon, with characteristic uplift prior to excretion of polemic, or other preening activity. Plumage extremely variable, all members of this family being skilful in the art of camouflage. However blue flannel with variable stripe is widely seen, usually with dandruff cresting. Hair, where existent, frequently exudes grease, apparently for decorative reasons. Eating and drinking are major concerns. The number of homes is a vexed issue, and mating habits are complex.

ROY KELLY

Whatever the particular markings, modifications and deformities produced by specific party affiliation, *all* species of *Homo Politicus* are found to register exceptionally high readings on at least one of the following gauges or indicators. *The 'Squiff' Effect:* progressive deterioration of faculties and judgment induced by excessive surrender to the lures of hospitality, especially of an alcoholic complexion. *The Joseph Jumps:* a pattern of neurotic stress so severe that its victim becomes fanatically convinced that the policies he pursues are benignly inspired. *Whitelaw Whoopee:* booming ebullience and noisy energy masking fatuous inertia and vacuous indecision. *The Ramsay Factor:* clouds of verbal fall-out so dense, noxious and impenetrable as to conceal the cessation of all authentic cerebral activity at the heart of a now-extinct volcano. *Merlinitis:* total syntactical break-down; an inability ever to find a full stop or to utter except in terms of trackless thickets of tangled parenthesis, through which unrelated clauses and unrelatable pronouns wing desperately in search of a branch.

MARTIN FAGG

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 185 **New youngest grandmaster**

The world has a new youngest grandmaster. At a recent international tournament in Baku, USSR, the prodigious 17 year-old Harry Kasparov took first place with 11½/15 and with it his second and final qualification for the title. Unlike his first norm, where he was two points ahead of a world class field, this time the tournament was weaker. Kasparov was given a hard chase by his compatriot Alexander Belyavsky who finished just a half point behind. However this does nothing to detract from Kasparov's performance, as Belyavsky is a great specialist in demolishing this sort of oppostion (amongst other things he won a slightly weaker event in Spain with 13/13 a couple of years ago).

Kasparov again passed the norm with rounds to spare, and the rest of the field was three points adrift. Gufeld, Mikhalchishin, and Grigorian (all USSR) scored 8½, but the second sensation of the tournament was the performance of the womens' world champion Maya Chiburdanidze, herself still only 18 — God help us if they start breeding! — who shared sixth place with GMs Csarn (Hungary) and Torre (Philippines).

It would normally be ridiculous to talk of one so young being a future world title prospect but this time it isn't. The 'title' of the youngest granmaster has often been a stepping stone on the path to the world championship. Previous holders include Karpov, Fischer and Spassky (and myself — but there are always exceptions). Kasparov, however, is probably the 'strongest youngest grandmaster' of the lot. His rating is already 2600, rather higher than Karpov's when he became a GM ten years ago — and he took just four more to capture the world crown.

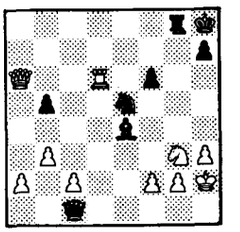
Kasparov's style is much sharper than Karpov's (perhaps a little like Aldkhine to Capablanca) and he is very much at home in apparently messy situations. This week's game is a typically powerfully display from Baku.

White: H. Kasparov **Black: V. Antoshin**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.P-QR3, B-N2; 5.N-B3, P-Q4; 6.PxP, PxP; 7.P-KN3, QN-Q2; 8.B-N2, P-QR3; 9.B-B4, N-R4; 10.B-N5, B-K2; 11.BxB; QxB; 12.N-KR4, N(R4)-B3; 13.N-B5, Q-B1; 14.Q-N3, 0-0-0; 15.0-0, N-QN1; 16.QR-B1, N-B3; 17.NxQP, NxN; 18.BxN, NxP; 19.Q-B4, NxPch; 20.QxN, BxB; 21.QxPch, K-N1; 22.RxP, KxR; 23.Q-R7ch, K-B3; 24.R-B1ch, Q-B4; 25.RxQch, PxR; 26.P-QN4, PxP; 27.PxP, KR-K1; 28.N-K7ch, K-Q3; 29.Q-B5ch, K-K3; 30.NxB, Resigns.

Problem 185

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the New Statesman postmarked no later than 2 July.

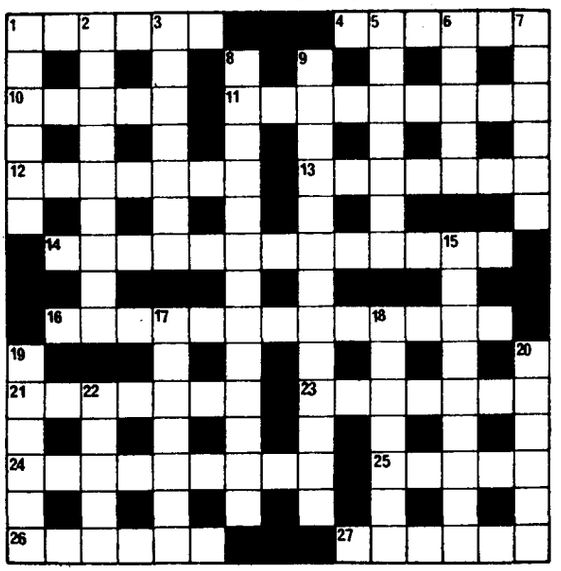


Solution to Problem 183

1.R-K8! NxR (forced) 2.Q-N8ch, K-Q2; 3.QxPch, N-B2 (. . . K-K3; 4.QxPch, K-K2; 5.Q-B5ch, K-Q2; 6.N-B5 wins); 4.QxNch, K-K1; 5.N-B5, R-Q2; 6.Q-B8ch, R-Q1; 7.Q-B6ch, K-B1; 8.Q-B5ch, K-N1; 9.N-K7ch, K-B1; 10.N-N6ch, K-N1; 11.Q-B8ch! RxQ; 12.N-K7 mate.

Weekend Crossword 1347

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1347, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 1 July.



ACROSS

1 Divide up piece about short time (6)
4 At Oxford study comprehension (6)
10 Without any the element has become a Shakespeare character (5)
11 Trying to be as good as starting with bird language (9)
12 Dresser to an Italian (7)
13 Crippling a large number by preparing to fire at them (7)
14 A place for nine makes a dry type include a confidential remark (7,6)
16 Distant means of making the torment cooler (6,7)
21 Ascribed to one situated in the sea (7)
23 Figures of speech make a cockney potentially gayer (7)
24 Though above suspicion she corrupts Paul in car (9)
25 Fold in simple attachment (5)
26 Ancient city with a goddess in the back street (6)
27 Reformed gambler (6)

DOWN

1 Wandering tribes that have teeth (6)
2 I seem vague about a word being put back in a note (9)
3 Can advertising include the right to make false rumours? (7)
5 Dishes contain an animal and potatoes (7)
6 The excuse would be first-class if there weren't a party (5)
7 Enlist to join battle (6)
8 Time and place for a parliamentary procedure (6,7)
9 Break for one who counts on the sacred enveloping a mountain (6,7)
15 Change stole over the President (9)
17 Thrust forward but rode wildly (7)
18 Gad about in wild parties (7)
19 Junction performed on the bed (6)
20 'An — may be crossed in love' (Sheridan) (6)
22 Beating often felt by hands (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1345

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Meetings

A POLICY FOR INCOMES? Day Conference Saturday 21 June. Chair: Larry Whitty (GMWU). Speakers: Sid Weighell, Bob Wright, Derek Robinson, Joan Mitchell, James Meade, Richard Layard. Mary Sumner House, 24 Tufton Street, SW1. 10.30-5.00. Cost £1.50 members, (£2.50 non-members). Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01-222 8877.

COMMITTEE ROOMS and Lecture Theatre to let by the hour, WC2. Tel. 01-240 3424.

COMMUNIST PARTY OF BRITAIN (Marxist-Leninist) Fri. 20 June 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 'The Economics of Genocide'.

HISTORY WORKSHOP JOURNAL readers' meeting, open to all interested in discussing the issues produced so far and possible new directions. 11.30 a.m. Saturday 28 June, Whitechapel Art Gallery, Whitechapel High Street, London E2.

MEMORIAL MEETING FOR WALTER RODNEY. Speakers include C.L.R. James, Mohamed Rahman Babu, Sam Silkin MP, Prof. Richard Gray SOAS & John La Rose. Fri 20 June 7 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS will address the AGM of the Socialist Environment and Resources Association on 'A History of Ecological Socialism' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Sat. 28 June, 11 a.m. Afternoon: Formal business followed by workshops & social. All welcome. Details from SERA, 9 Poland St., W1. (01-439 3749)

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 27 June. Barbara Smoker on 'GBS and the ABC' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7.

THEOSOPHY: S.A.E. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 23 June 8 p.m. 'ULT Day Commemoration, United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Courses

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Political Publications

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Screen Education 34

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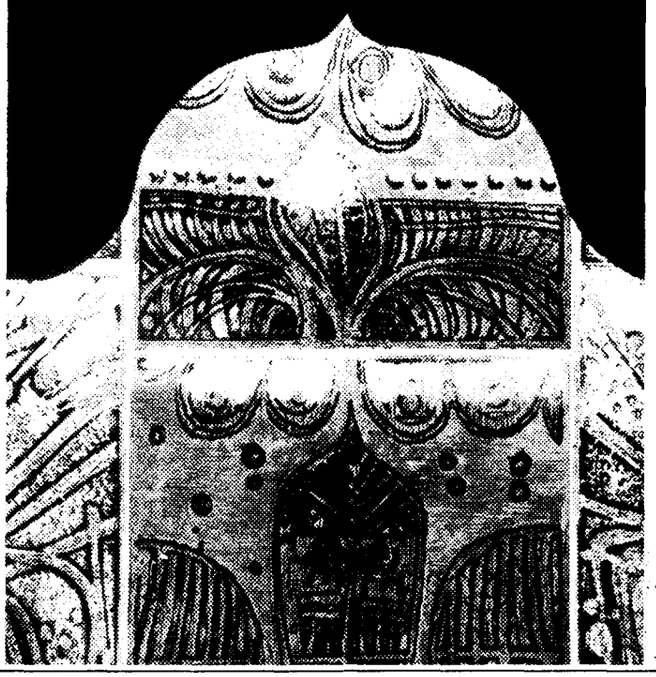

The Labour Party
March and Rally

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Rally 3 p.m.
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Sunday 22 June

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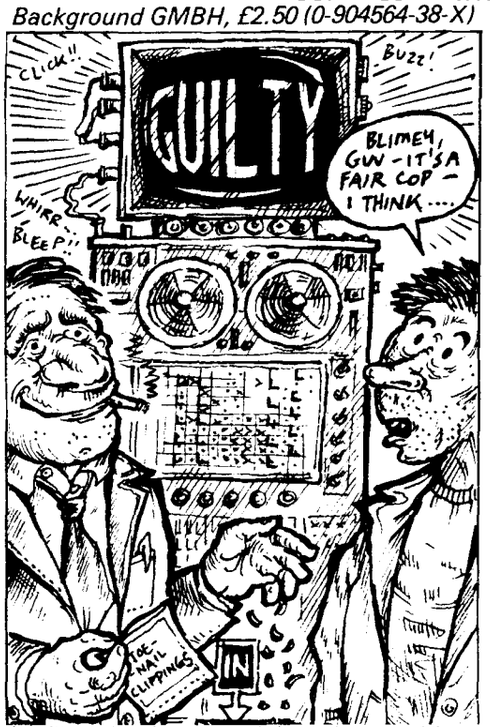

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). All week Dickens' 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.' RSC also at The Warehouse in O'Neill's 'Anna Christie' 'Fulton MacKay gives a memorable performance . . . Here is an actor to match the strength of O'Neill's writing' D. Tel. and Willy Russell's 'Educating Rita'. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Pam Gems' 'Piaf' and Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Buried Child' by Sam Shepard. Dir. Nancy Meckler, Des. Gemma Jackson, with Julie Covington, Marty Cruickshank, Philip Davis, Neil Johnston, Stephen Rea, John Rogan, Tony Rohr. Prevs from 19 June at 8 p.m. Press Night 26 June at 7 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Othello', 'Sisterly Feelings', 'Amadeus', 'Death of A Salesman', 'The Browning Version'/'Harlequinade', 'Early Days'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

Conference

Missing persons

Deception then blackmail, then intimidation are successive steps on the contemporary road to enforced prostitution. The traffic in persons will be discussed at a UN conference in July. Information gratefully received in confidence by:

The Secretary, Anti-Slavery Society
180 Brixton Road, London SW9
Tel: 01-582 4040

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Derek Jarman's 'The Tempest' (AA) 2.55, 5.05, 7.15, 9.25.

Exhibition

DACRE PUNT. *Back Front & Side Views.* Now to 21 June 1980. 11-6 Mon.-Fri. 11-2 Sat. The Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell Street, London EC1. 01-837 9826.

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